THE MARTYR AGE

OF

THE UNITED STATES.

(From the London and Westminster Review, December, 1838.)

Art. I.—1. *Right and Wrong in Boston in* 1835. Boston, U. S.: Isaac Knapp.

2.—*Right and Wrong in Boston in* 1836. Boston, U. S.; Isaac Knapp.

3.—*Right and Wrong in Boston in* 1837. Boston, U. S.; Isaac Knapp.

There is a remarkable set of people now living and vigorously acting in the world, with a consonance of will and understanding which has perhaps never before been witnessed among so large a number of individuals of such diversified powers, habits, opinions, tastes, and circumstances. The body comprehends men and women of every shade of colour, of every degree of education, of every variety of religious opinion, of every gradation of rank, bound together by no vow, no pledge, no stipulation, but each preserving his individual liberty; and yet they act as if they were of one heart and of one soul. Such union could be secured by no principle of worldly interest; nor, for a term of years, by the most stringent fanaticism. A well-grounded faith, directed towards a noble object, is the only principle which can account for such a spectacle as the world is now waking up to contemplate in the abolitionists of the United States.

Before we fix our attention on the history of the body, it may be remarked that it is a totally different thing to be an abolitionist on a soil actually trodden by slaves, and in a far-off country, where opinion is already on the side of emancipation, or ready to be converted; where only a fraction of society, instead of the whole, has to be convicted of guilt; and where no interests are put in jeopardy but pecuniary ones, and those limited and remote. Great honour is due to the first movers in the anti-slavery cause in every land: but those of European countries may take rank with the philanthropists of America who may

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espouse the cause of the aborigines: while the primary abolitionists of the United States have encountered, with steady purpose, such opposition as might here await assailants of the whole set of aristocratic institutions at once, from the throne to pauper apprenticeship. Slavery is as thoroughly interwoven with American institutions—ramifies as extensively through American society—as the aristocratic spirit pervades Great Britain. The fate of Reformers whose lives are devoted to making war upon either the one or the other must be remarkable.

Ten years since, there was external quiet on the subject of slavery in the United States. Nearly a century ago, the first American Quaker who bore faithful testimony against the sin of slavery was, in consequence, cut off from religious fellowship with her society. She lived in a flourishing district of Virginia, where seven meetings of Friends existed. On her death-bed, this woman sent for the committee who had dealt with her, and told them that now, when in view of the two worlds, she saw more clearly than ever the issues of slavery. Pointing to the fertile and beautiful country which lay stretched before her window, she said, "Friends, the time will come when there will not be Friends enough in all this district to hold one meeting for worship, and this garden will be turned into a wilderness."

Some of her contemporaries lived to witness the extinction of the seven Societies of Friends, and the utter desolation of the tract. Such individual protests took place: Jefferson and other great men had prophecied national peril from it: a few legislators had talked of doing something to ameliorate the "condition of society" in their respective States; the institution had been abolished in some of the northern States, where the number of negroes was small, and the work of emancipation easy and obviously desirable: an insurrection broke out occasionally, in one place or another; and certain sections of society were in a state of perplexity or alarm at the talents, or the demeanour, or the increase of numbers of the free blacks. But no such thing had been heard of as a comprehensive and strenuously active objection to the whole system, wherever established. The surface of society was heaving; but no one surge had broken into voice, prophetic of that chorus of many waters in which the doom of the institution may now be heard. Yet clear-sighted persons saw that some great change must take place ere long; for a scheme was under trial for removing the obnoxious part of the negro population to Africa. Those of the dusky race who were too clever, and those who were too stupid, to be safe or useful at home, were to be exported; and slave-owners who had scruples about holding man as property might, by sending their slaves away over the sea, relieve their consciences, without annoying their neighbours. Such was the state of affairs, previous to 1829.

The Colonization Society originated abolitionism. It acted in two ways. It exasperated the free blacks by the prospect of exile, and it engaged the attention of those who hated slavery, though the excitement it afforded to their hopes was illusory. Its action in both ways became manifest in the year 1829. In the spring of this year the stir began at Cincinnati, where a strenuous effort was made to induce the white inhabitants to drive away the free coloured people, by putting in force

against them the atrocious state laws, which placed them in a condition of civil disability, and providing at the same time the means of transportation to Africa. The coloured people held a meeting, petitioned the authorities for leave to remain in their present condition for sixty days, and dispatched a committee to Canada, to see whether provision could be made for their residence there. The sixty days expired before the committee returned: the populace of Cincinnati rose upon the coloured people, and compelled them to barricade themselves in their houses, in assailing which, during three days and nights, several lives were lost. Sir James Colebrook, Governor of Upper Canada, charged the committee with the following message:—"Tell the Republicans on your side of the line, that we do not know men by their colour. If you come to us, you will be entitled to all the privileges of the rest of his Majesty's subjects." In consequence of this welcome message, the greater part of the proscribed citizens removed to Canada, and formed the Wilberforce settlement. The few who remained behind were oppressed to the utmost degree that the iniquitous laws against them could be made to sanction. This was not a transaction which could be kept a secret. Meetings were held by the free blacks of all the principal towns north of the Carolinas, and resolutions passed expressive of their abhorrence of the Colonization Society. The resolutions passed at the Philadelphia meeting are a fair sample of the opinions of the class:—

"Resolved,—That we view with deep abhorrence the unmerited stigma attempted to be cast upon the reputation of the free people of colour by the promoters of this measure, 'that they are a dangerous and useless part of the community,' when, in the state of disfranchisement in which they live, in the hour of danger they ceased to remember their wrongs, and rallied round the standard of their country.

"Resolved,—That we never will separate ourselves voluntarily from the slave population in this country: they are our brethren by the ties of consanguinity, of suffering, and of wrong: and we feel that there is more virtue in suffering privations with them than in fancied advantages for a season."

Such was one mode of operation of the Colonization Society. The other was upon the minds of individuals of the privileged colour who had the spirit of abolitionism in them, without having yet learned how to direct it. Of these the chief, the heroic printer's lad, the master-mind of this great revolution, was then lying in prison, undergoing his baptism into the cause.

William Lloyd Garrison is one of God's nobility—the head of the moral aristocracy whose prerogatives we are contemplating. It is not only that he is invulnerable to injury—that he early got the world under his feet in a way which it would have made Zeno stroke his beard with complacency to witness, but that in his meekness, his sympathies, his self-forgetfulness, he appears "covered all over with the stars and orders" of the spiritual realm whence he derives his dignities and his powers. At present he is a marked man wherever he turns. The faces of his friends brighten when his step is heard: the people of colour almost kneel to him; and the rest of society jeers, pelts, and execrates him. Amidst all this, his gladsome life rolls on, "too busy to be anxious, and

too loving to be sad." He springs from his bed singing at sunrise; and if, during the day, tears should cloud his serenity, they are never shed for himself. His countenance of steady compassion gives hope to the oppressed, who look to him as the Jews looked to Moses. It was this serene countenance, saint-like in its earnestness and purity, that a man bought at a print-shop, where it was exposed without a name, and hung up as the most apostolic face he ever saw. It does not alter the case that the man took it out of the frame and hid it when he found that it was Garrison who had been adorning his parlour. As for his own persecutors, Garrison sees in them the creatures of unfavourable circumstances. He early satisfied himself that "a rotten egg cannot hit truth;" and then the whole matter was settled. Such is his case now. In 1829, it was very different. He was an obscure lad, gaining some superficial improvement in a country college, when tidings of the Colonization scheme reached him, and filled him with hope for the coloured race. He resolved to devote himself to the cause, and went down to Baltimore to learn such facts as would enable him to lecture on the subject. The fallacies of the plan melted before his gaze, while the true principle became so apparent as to decide his mission. While this process was going on, he got into his first trouble. A Mr Todd, a New England merchant, freighted a vessel with slaves for the New Orleans market, in the interval of his annual thanksgivings to God that the soil of his State was untrodden by the foot of a slave. Garrison said what he thought of the transaction in a newspaper; was tried for libel, and committed to prison till he could pay the imposed fine of a thousand dollars—a sum which might have been a million for any ability he had to pay it. Some record of what was his state of mind at this time was left on his prison wall:—

"I boast no courage on the battle field,
Where hostile troops immix in horrid fray;
For love or fame I can no weapon wield,
With burning lust an enemy to slay.
But test my spirit at the blazing stake,
For advocacy of the rights of Man
And Truth—or on the wheel my body break;
Let Persecution place me 'neath its ban;
Insult, defame, proscribe my humble name;
Yea, put the dagger at my naked breast;
If I recoil in terror from the flame—
Or recreant prove when peril rears its crest,
To save a limb, or shun the public scorn—
Then write me down for aye—*weakest of woman born*."
W. L. G.

The imprisonment of an honest man for such a cause was an occasion for the outbreak of discontent with slavery on all hands. "I was in danger," says Garrison, "of being lifted up beyond measure, even in prison, by excessive panegyric and extraordinary sympathy." He was freed by the generosity of an entire stranger, Mr. Arthur Tappan, a wealthy merchant of New York, whose entire conduct on the question has been in accordance with the act of paying Garrison's fine.

Garrison's lectures were now upon abolition, not colonization. He was listened to with much interest in New York; but at Boston he could obtain no place to lecture in; and it was not till it was clear that he intended to collect an audience on the Common, in the midst of the city, that a door was opened to him. He obtained a few coadjutors,—for one, a simple-minded clergyman, Mr. May, who on the next Sunday prayed for slaves, among other distressed persons, and was asked, on coming down from the pulpit, whether he was mad? Another of these coadjutors, William Goodell, said, in 1836, "My mind runs back to nearly seven years ago, when I used to walk with Garrison across yonder Common, and to converse on the great enterprise for which we are now met. The work then was all *future*. It existed only in the ardent prayer and the fixed resolves." It was wrought out by prompt and strenuous action. Garrison and his friend Knapp, a printer, were ere long living in a garret, on bread and water, expending all their spare earnings and time on the publication of the 'Liberator,' now a handsome and flourishing newspaper; then a small shabby sheet, printed with old types. "When it sold particularly well," says Knapp, "we treated ourselves with a bowl of milk." The venerable first number, dated January 1st, 1831, lies before us in its primitive shabbiness; and on its first page, in Garrison's 'Address to the Public,' we see proof that the vehemence of language, which has often been ascribed to personal resentment (but by none who know him), has been from the beginning a matter of conscience with him. "I am aware," he says, "that many object to the severity of my language, but is there not cause for severity? I *will* be as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice. I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—AND I WILL BE HEARD. The apathy of the people is enough to make every statue leap from its pedestal, and to hasten the resurrection of the dead. It is pretended that I am retarding the cause of emancipation by the coarseness of my invective, and the precipitancy of my measures. The charge is not true. On this question my influence, humble as it is, is felt at this moment to a considerable extent, and shall be felt in coming years—not perniciously, but beneficially; not as a curse, but as a blessing; and posterity will bear testimony that I was right. I desire to thank God that he enables me to disregard the fear of man, and to speak his truth in its simplicity and power.

The time was ripe for Garrison's exertions. A pamphlet appeared in the autumn of 1829, at Boston, from the pen of a man of colour, named Walker, which alarmed society not a little. It was an appeal to his coloured brethren, to drown their injuries in the blood of their oppressors. Its language is perfectly appalling. It ran through several editions, though no bookseller would publish it. Not long after, the author was found dead near his own door; but whether he had been assassinated for his book, or had been killed by an accident, is not known. If the slave-owners could but have seen it, Garrison was this man's antagonist, not his coadjutor. Garrison is as strenuous a "peace-man" as any member of the society of Friends; and this fact, in conjunction with his unlimited influence over the Negro population, is the chief

reason why no blood has been shed,—why no insurrectionary movement has taken place in the United States, from the time when his voice began to be heard over the broad land till now. Every evil, however, which happened, every shiver of the master, every growl of the slave, was henceforth to be charged upon Garrison. Some of the Southern States offered rewards for the apprehension of any person who might be detected circulating the 'Liberator,' or 'Walker's Appeal;' and one legislature demanded of the Governor of Massachusetts that Garrison should be delivered up to them. The fate of Walker was before his eyes; and it came to his ears, that gentlemen in stage coaches said that it was everywhere thought that "he would not be permitted to live long;" that he "would be taken away, and no one be the wiser for it." His answer, on this and many subsequent occasions, was the same in spirit. "Will you aim at no higher victims than Arthur Tappan, George Thompson, and W. L. Garrison? And who and what are they? Three drops from a boundless ocean—three rays from a noon-day sun—three particles of dust floating in a limitless atmosphere—nothing, substracted from infinite fulness. Should you succeed in destroying them, the mighty difficulty still remains." As a noble woman has since said, in defence of the individuality of action of the leaders of the cause, "It is idle to talk of 'leaders.' In the contest of morals with abuses, men are but types of principles. Does any one seriously believe that if Mr. Garrison should take an appealing, protesting, backward step, abolitionists would fall back with him?" The "mighty difficulty" would still remain,—and remain as surely doomed as ever, were Garrison to turn recreant or die.

One more dreadful event was to happen before the "peace-man" could make his reprobation of violence heard over the Union. The insurrection of slaves in Southampton county, Virginia, in which eighty persons were slain—parents with their five, seven, or ten children, being massacred in the night—happened in 1832. The affair is wrapped in mystery, as are most slave insurrections, both from policy on the part of the masters, and from the whites being too impatient to wait the regular course of justice, and sacrificing their foes as they could catch them. In the present case many Negroes were slaughtered, with every refinement of cruelty, on the roads, or in their masters' yards, without appeal to judge, jury, or evidence. This kind of management precludes any clear knowledge of the causes of the insurrection; but it is now supposed near the spot to have been occasioned by the fanaticism of a madman, a Negro, who assured the blacks who came to him for religious sympathy that they were to run the course of the ancient Jews—slaying and sparing not. We mention this rising because it is the last on the part of the people of colour. Free or enslaved, they have since been peaceable; while all succeeding violences have been perpetrated by "gentlemen of property and standing." It was natural that those who had suffered by this slaughter or its consequences, those who mourned large families of relations thus cut off, those who, for the sake of their crops, feared the amendment of the system as a result of this exhibition of its tendencies, those who, for the sake of their children, nightly trembled in their beds, should cast about for an object on whom

to vent their painful feelings; and Garrison was that object. The imputation of the insurrection to him was too absurd to be long sustained; but those who could not urge this against him still remonstrated against his "disturbing the harmony and peace of society." "Disturbing the slave-holders!" replied he. "I am sorry to disturb anybody. But the slave-holders have so many friends! *I* must be the friend of the slaves."

On the 2nd of March, 1833, there appeared in the 'Liberator', the following advertisement:—

"PRUDENCE CRANDALL

"Principal of the Canterbury (Connecticut) Female Boarding School, returns her most sincere thanks to those who have patronized her School, and would give information that, on the first Monday of April next, her School will be opened for the reception of young Ladies and little Misses of colour. The branches taught are as follows:—Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar, &c."

The advertisement closed with a long list of references to gentlemen of the highest character.

The reason of this announcement was, that Miss Crandall, a young lady of established reputation in her profession, had been urgently requested to undertake the tuition of a child of light colour; had admitted her among the white pupils; had subsequently admitted a second, thereby offending the parents of her former pupils; and, on being threatened on the one hand with the loss of all her scholars, and urged on the other to take more of a dark complexion, had nobly resolved to continue to take young ladies of colour, letting the whites depart, if they so pleased. We relate the consequences, because this is, as far as we know, the first instance in the struggle of a protracted persecution of a peaceable individual by the whole of the society of the district.

A town-meeting was called on the appearance of the advertisement, and the school was denounced in violent terms. Miss Crandall silently prosecuted her plan. The legislature was petitioned, through the exertions of a leading citizen of Canterbury, Mr. Judson, and a law was obtained in the course of the month of May, making it a penal offence to establish any school for the instruction of coloured persons, not inhabitants of the State, or to instruct, board, or harbour persons entering the State for educational purposes. This law was clearly unconstitutional, as it violated that clause in the constitution which gives to the citizens of each State all the privileges and immunities of the citizens of the several States.* Perceiving this, Miss Crandall took no notice, but went on with her school. She was accordingly arrested, and carried before a justice of the peace; and the next spectacle that the inhabitants of Canterbury saw was Miss Crandall going to jail. She was bailed out the next day, and her trial issued in nothing, as the jury could not agree. She was again prosecuted, and again; and at length

* Laws which are infringements of the constitution are not binding upon the Court of Judicature in the last resort, the Supreme Court of the United States.

convicted. She appealed to a higher Court, and struggled on through a long persecution till compelled to yield, from the lives of her pupils being in danger. Her neighbours pulled down her fences, and filled up her well. All the traders in the place refused to deal with her, and she was obliged to purchase provisions and clothing from a great distance. She and her pupils were refused admission to the churches; her windows were repeatedly broken during the night; and, at length, the attacks upon her house became so alarming, and the menaces to her pupils on their way to school so violent, that their parents were compelled to hide the children in their own houses, and Miss Crandall retired from the place. Her conduct was to the last degree meek and quiet; nothing need be said about its courage.

By this time the abolition cause was supported by 26 periodicals, circulating from Maine to Virginia and Indiana. Some excellent individuals had done the brave deed of publishing books in aid of the same cause. Among these was Mrs. Child, a lady of whom society was exceedingly proud before she published her 'Appeal,' and to whom society has been extremely contemptuous since. Her works were bought with avidity before, but fell into sudden oblivion as soon as she had done a greater deed than writing any or all of them. Her noble-minded husband lost his legal practice, sound and respected as were his talents, from affording his counsel to citizens of colour. A circumstance which we happen to know respecting this gentleman and lady illustrates well the state of feeling on the great question in the different classes of minds at the time. Mr. Child was professionally consulted by a gentleman of colour. The client and his lady visited Mr. Child at his residence at Boston one afternoon, and staid beyond the family tea-hour. Mrs. Child at length ordered up tea; but before it could be poured out the visitors took their leave, not choosing to subject Mr. and Mrs. Child to the imputation of sitting at table with people of colour. Boston soon rang with the report that Mr. and Mrs. Child had given an entertainment to coloured people. Some aristocratic ladies, seated in one of the handsomest drawing-rooms in Boston, were one day canvassing this and other abolition affairs, while Dr. Channing appeared absorbed in a newspaper by the fireside. The ladies repeated tale after tale, each about as true as the one they began with, and greeted with loud laughter every attempt of one of the party to correct their mistakes about the ladies who were then under persecution, and in peril for the cause. At length Dr. Channing turned his head, and produced a dead silence by observing, in the sternest tone of his thrilling voice, "The time will come when those ladies will find their proper place; and the time will come when the laughers will find *their* proper place." This happened, however, not in 1833, but when the persecution of the women had risen to its height.

By this time the degraded free blacks began to hold up their heads: and they entered upon a new course of action,—setting out upon a principle of hope instead of despair. As they found the doors of schools shut against them, they formed associations for mutual improvement. The best minds among them sent forth urgent entreaties to the rest to labour at the work of education, pleading that the nearer

the prospect of an improved social condition, the more pressing became the necessity of strengthening and enriching their minds for their new responsibilities. It was a glad day for them when they saw the assemblage in Convention at Philadelphia of anti-slavery delegates from ten States out of the twenty-four of which the Union was at that time constituted. These ten States were the six which compose New England, and New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Ohio. Some State Associations were already organised: the National one organised by this Convention bears date December, 1833. There might be seen Garrison, just returned from England, refreshed by sympathy and exhilarated by hope. There was May, the mild gentleman, the liberal clergyman, who unconsciously secures courtesy from the most contemptuous of the foe, when nothing but insult was designed. There was Lewis Tappan, the grave Presbyterian, against whom violence was even then brewing, and who was soon to be despoiled of his property by the firebrands of a mob. These, and many others, put their signatures to a Declaration, of which we subjoin the concluding passage:—

"Submitting this DECLARATION to the candid consideration of the people of this country, and of the friends of liberty throughout the world, we hereby affix our signatures to it; pledging ourselves that, under the guidance and by the help of Almighty God, we will do all that in us lies, consistently with this Declaration of our principles, to overthrow the most execrable system of slavery that has ever been witnessed upon earth—to deliver our land from its deadliest curse—to wipe out the foulest stain which rests upon our national escutcheon—and to secure to the coloured population of the United States all the rights and privileges which belong to them as men, and as Americans,—come what may to our persons, our interests, or our reputations—whether we live to witness the triumph of Liberty, Justice, and Humanity, or perish untimely as martyrs in this great, benevolent, and holy cause."

This was the first General Convention of Men held for this object. Of another First Convention we shall have occasion to speak hereafter.

The next year (1834) was a stirring year. The "Young Men" of the large cities began to associate themselves for the cause. Those of New York pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour, (in the language and spirit of the Declaration of Independence,) to overthrow slavery by moral assault, or die in the attempt. The most remarkable accession of young men to the cause was, however, from Lane Seminary, Cincinnati,—a Presbyterian college of high reputation, with the eminent Dr. Beecher to preside over it.

The students, most of whom were above one-and-twenty, and fifty of whom were above five-and-twenty years of age, discussed the abolition and colonization questions for eighteen evenings, and decided unanimously in favour of the former. The consequences of this decision no one will presume to calculate. Out of it has arisen the OBERLIN INSTITUTE, with the long train of benefits which have ensued, and will ensue, to freedom of thought, speech, and action, among the more privileged class of American citizens; to the education of the coloured race, in and out of the United States; and to the strengthening of the true principles of religion, in a community corrupted by the spirit of *caste*,

and the passion for gain. The story is as follows. We give it partly in our own words, (for the sake of brevity) and partly in extracts from the "Statement of Reasons" put forth by the forty young men who withdrew from Lane Seminary, at this crisis of its principles and practice.

"The circumstances of our matriculation," they say, "were peculiarly impressive. We were connected with an institution freighted with the spiritual interests of the West. We were numerous, without a precedent, in the beginnings of similar institutions. The Great Valley of the West was our expected field; and we assembled here that we might the more accurately learn its character, catch the spirit of its gigantic enterprize, grow up into its genius, appreciate its peculiar wants, and thus be qualified, by practical skill, no less than by Theological erudition, to wield the weapons of truth. But the responsibility of the post we providentially held, as the first class in a Theological Seminary, outweighed all other considerations, in our estimate of duty. The friends of the new institution expected of us that we should be letters of commendation to the Western churches, and that our scholarship, piety, and practical usefulness would be the earnests of its future success. Our probable influence over succeeding classes, was also matter of deep solicitude. . . . . We aimed therefore, to make such a disposal of our influence as would contribute to place Lane Seminary upon high moral ground, and thus greatly elevate the standard and augment the resources of ministerial efficiency.

"As a primary step, we were led to adopt this principle, that *free discussion, with correspondent effort, is a* DUTY, *and, of course, a* RIGHT.

"We proceeded upon this principle, without molestation, in our studies, at our recitations and lectures.

"We applied it to missions, at home and abroad; and we *acted* immediately, through liberal contributions. We took up Temperance. Discussion was needless; duty was plain, and we *acted*. With the Sunday School cause, we proceeded in like manner. Next Moral Reform came up. We examined it, in a series of adjourned meetings; light was elicited, principles were fixed, and *action* followed.

"With the same spirit of free enquiry, we discussed the question of slavery. We prayed much, heard facts, weighed arguments, kept our temper; and, after the most patient pondering, in which we were sustained by the spirit of sympathy, not of anger, we decided that slavery was a sin, and as such, ought to be immediately renounced. In this case, too, we *acted*."

A large number of these students were sons or brothers of slaveholders. Ohio borders on two Slave States; and Lane Seminary looked for a large measure of its resources to that portion of American Society with which slavery was incorporated. Freely, therefore, as the students were permitted to act on every other moral question, this, of slavery, must be interdicted as dangerous. The Faculty forbade discussion and association on the question, from the moment the students began to employ their *leisure hours* in establishing Sunday schools, lyceums, and circulating libraries, among the free coloured population of Cincinnati, while the body of the Trustees and Professors were acting as partizans of the Colonization Society. While twenty-one out of the twenty-five of the Trustees were members of the Colonization Society, and the President and his brother Professors were making colonization speeches, which were circulated in the newspapers, they framed a set of laws repressive of speech and action on this subject among the students; and conferred an

irresponsible power of expulsion on the Executive Committee. Though the new laws were aimed only at one subject, the students perceived that "they had driven the plough-share over the whole field of enquiry." There was no step left for the conscientious but to withdraw. They withdrew. Out of forty theological students, only two returned the next term: and of classical students, only five out of sixty. They withdrew, not with the tumult of spirits, and the head-strong self-will of unruly boys; but with the sobriety of thoughtful men, well aware of what they were doing; with the regrets of devoted students, forced away from the seat of learning, to do they knew not what, and go they knew not whither. They could not go home,—those of them who came from Slave States,—for their lives would not have been safe. From the same circumstance of origin, their means were cut off. It is strange that the Trustees and Faculty of Lane Seminary did not foresee some of the consequences of their act. These young men went forth into the world with the highest characters. Dr. Beecher's (the President's) written words at this time were, "The students are a set of noble men, whom I would not, at a venture, exchange for any others." The Faculty gave repeated assurances, up to the last moment, that the demeanour of the students was, without exception, respectful; and their conduct strictly lawful and orderly; and they granted certificates of the regular standing of each, on the withdrawal of the body. There had been no wrangling, no misunderstanding; and no censure could therefore attach to the character of the students. Their temper may be judged of by a passage of their farewell. "We leave Lane Seminary with sentiments of grateful affection for the advantages which, during our membership, it so largely afforded us; and, apart from the grief we feel in being obliged to withdraw from these advantages, our heart-felt sorrow is, that in crushing the high and sacred principles of Free Inquiry, its ruling authorities have given a death-blow to the spirit of its glory, and have dragged it down to a dishonoured level with those institutions where mind becomes the crouching slave of prescription; institutions, in which the cries of liberty, prostrate and bleeding, and of truth, reviled and outlawed, are unheeded; but where all that fashion will countenance, and public favour applaud, and patronage support, and power defend, find ready admission, hearty welcome, and bountiful reward,—where siding with the strong against the weak, with the *doers* against the *sufferers* of wrong, is the stipulated condition of membership, and the sole passport to favour." Forty of them set about establishing a seminary, where freedom of thought and speech might be secured, and whose doors should be open to students of all ranks, of every religious profession, and of every shade of colour. Out of the tyranny of Lane Seminary, thus arose the freedom of the Oberlin Institute. The three sons of the President of Lane are active abolitionists. Lane drags on, with its array of professors and paucity of students; while the Oberlin numbers between four and five hundred students, (of any colour that pleases Heaven,) and would be yet far more thronged, if only its means were as noble as its principles.

About forty of the band repaired to the forest, and set to work to clear a tract of land in the north-east part of Ohio,—thirty miles from Cleveland. They first raised for shelter, a long rough house of *slabs*;—that

is, of split logs, the bark remaining on the outer half. The floor, sides, roof, and partitions, were made of these slabs. This building exists in its primitive state; and we hope it will be allowed to stand as it is as long as the worm, and wind, and weather permit. They toiled in the forest during the winter of 1834—5. They had no endowments, and little pecuniary help. The fame of their virtue spread. Learned and accomplished men, whose hearts were as cultivated as their intellects, volunteered for the honour of being the instructors of such disciples, repaired to Oberlin, flung off their coats, felled trees for some hours of the day, and delivered lectures for the rest. Young men and women flocked to this spot in the forest, to beg such instruction as should fit them to be teachers to the coloured people; and when told that there were no funds, and seeing that there was not accommodation for the increasing numbers, the unfailing reply was, "I will provide for myself, if you will let me stay." Building went on rapidly; a substantial building with brick, containing ninety-two rooms, besides the barns and wooden dwellings, which were the first work of their hands. A practical farmer superintended the labour of the young men. The young women, whose number is about one-fourth of the whole, keep the house, the dairy, and the clothes, and have yet found time to learn whatever fits them to be school teachers in their turn; and some are sound Greek and Hebrew scholars.

The three hours manual labour per day, which is the rule of the institution, is supposed to be the chief cause of the excellent state of health maintained among its members,—a state of health very unusual in a fresh forest clearing. The members themselves believe that their abstemious mode of living is also largely concerned in this effect. When the concourse of numbers, and the pressure of poverty became great, the members, (including the professors and their families) gave up first meat, (fermented liquors having been excluded from the beginning) and then coffee and tea. They live on the corn, garden vegetables, and milk, provided by their own labour; and they not only live but thrive. When they have not money wherewith to buy new clothes, the best coats are lent about to those whose turn it is to go forth on excursions of business.

One student, Randall by name, laid down for their use all the money he had in the world, 2,500 dollars, and goes without as long as the institution is pressed. A farmer, at a great distance, was touched with the story of the founders of Oberlin, and drove over a cow,—the only gift he could bestow. A farmer who lived eleven miles off, in a good house, Jabez Burrell by name, invited the new comers, who could not be accommodated at Oberlin, to take up their abode with him. He boarded and lodged seventy for a year and a half. His wife, worn out with the charge of such a household, in so wild a region, fell a sacrifice. She died exhausted,—but with perfect willingness. She went into the affair, heart and hand, with her husband, and preferred being worn out in such a cause to drawing back from it. Another settler, named John Holcomb, resident 25 miles from Oberlin, took in thirty students, with their professor, in the same manner, and for the same time. Other neighbours have given whatever they could,—money, time, labour of head and hands. Severely as the Oberlin has suffered from the pres-

sure of the times, it seems as if it must be safe in the guardianship of its own principles, and of the faith and love of all who come within its influence.

The President of Oberlin went to Boston, on the business of the institution, at a time when the pressure on its resources was great, and its prospects very dark. He was offered a salary of 2,000 dollars a year, if he would remain to minister in connexion with the Hall for Free Inquiry, lately erected in Boston. As a neighbour said, "they might as well have asked one of our old oaks to come up by the roots, and fix itself at Boston." He had no other thought than of going back to his chair and his plough; and there he is.

There is one vacation in the year at Oberlin; and during these three months the members are as hard at work as during any other season. They disperse themselves over the land, to discover where they are most wanted, and what new work is turning up for their hands to do. Wherever they go, the oppressed lift up their heads, and freedom smiles. They are the guardians of civil and religious liberty; and where they are seen, the despised and heart-wounded people of colour feel as if suddenly camped about with angels. Some teach: some preach: some put the disheartened in the way of helping each other, and becoming strong by union: others organize schools, or establish anti-slavery libraries. Some repair to the West Indies, as teachers of our brethren of colour there. Others go among the same race in Canada, lifting up the intellect of the poor fugitives into a fitness for the state of freedom they have attained; or awaiting on the safe shore of the Canadian lakes and rivers the landing of the escaped slave, recording on the spot the facts of his wrongs, and sanctifying and directing into practice, his first emotions on becoming free. At the end of the annual vacation, such students as can be spared from their new labours return to Oberlin. Those who can find no substitute, and cannot conscientiously quit their charge, defer their return till they can be relieved. All the members are free to go and come, as they think right: and it does not appear that their studies suffer from this freedom. It might be anticipated that the vigour of principle on which they act would do more for their intellects and mental habits than any rules and methods which serve a good purpose in ordinary cases: but there is positive testimony to the same effect. Judge Lane (Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio) conceiving it to be his duty to make himself acquainted with public educational institutions in his State, visited and examined the Oberlin, and gave it as the result of his investigation that he had never known the same amount of mind more substantially and happily improved in the same space of time.

We have followed the history of the Oberlin up to the present date. To go back to the year of the crisis of the Lane Seminary.

While these things were doing in the West, a strange thing was happening in the South. In the midst of the hot fields of Alabama, where the Negro drinks the last dregs of his cup of bitterness, and sees his family "killed off" before his eyes, in securing for one whom he hates the full abundance of a virgin soil;—from among the raw settlements where white men carry secret arms, and black men secret curses, a great man rose up before the public eye, and declared himself an abolitionist.

Mr Birney was a great man in a worldly as well as a moral sense,—not only "a gentleman of property and standing," but Solicitor-General of the State, and in the way to be Judge of its Supreme Court. But he was also an honest and a moderate man. It was he who, being asked about investments for capital in the West, smiled, and said, "I am the worst person you could ask. My family and I are happy with what we have: we do not know that we should be happier with more; and therefore we inquire nothing about investments." None can be fully aware of the singularity of this answer who have not witnessed the prevalence and force of the spirit of speculation in the Western States.—Mr Birney removed from Alabama, emancipated and settled all his slaves, giving them education in defiance of the laws of Kentucky, and himself setting up a newspaper in Cincinnati, standing his ground there against many and awful attempts upon his life, and at length gaining a complete victory, and establishing freedom of speech and the press. This is the gentleman to whom Dr. Channing wrote his splendid Letter (on liberty of speech and the press); and to that letter Mr Birney acknowledges himself under great obligations—Dr. Channing's name effecting in some minds changes which angelic truth could not achieve. Mr Birney is he to whom Southern Members of Congress now address themselves—now that they are compelled to stoop to address abolitionists at all:—he is addressed as the *gentleman* of the party—a distinction at which he would be the first to smile. The whole South felt the shock of such a man coming forth against its "peculiar domestic institutions:" and all the more from Mr. Birney's having been an active colonizationist—a bountiful and influential friend to that Society—even a collector of funds for it—till experience convinced him, first of its inefficiency, and then of its wickedness. There was much sensation about Mr. Birney in many a house. His name was carefully avoided before strangers, as it was well that they should not hear the story ("strangers could not understand it:") but here were men gnashing their teeth at him for "loosening the bonds of society:" there women horror-struck lest he should introduce "insubordination" (meaning midnight massacre): and children* agreeing that he could be no gentleman to think of putting notions into the heads of his "people," and turning them adrift to take care of themselves. Silence brooded over

* While children in the South were naturally adopting and exaggerating their parents' views on the great question, calling Mr Adams a "horrid creature" for vindicating the right of petition, and Mr. Van Buren a "dear soul" for giving his casting vote in favour of the third reading of the Gag Bill, there was sympathy in the North between children and their parents who took the opposite side of the question. One little girl of seven years old, an only child, happened to hear somebody say to her father, that those who consumed slave products, during the present crisis, were partly answerable for the sufferings of the negroes. This sank into her mind. Some time after, her mother saw the tears stealing down her face. On being spoken to, she threw her arms round her mother's neck, and whispered, that she meant never again to eat cake, or sweetmeats, or sugar in any form. She was left entirely to her own feelings on the matter, her parents only taking care to provide her with what they can get of free-labour sugar. Under every conceivable circumstance of temptation, away from home, and among her little companions, this young creature has remained faithful to her spontaneous resolution.

the cotton-fields where slaves were within earshot: but within the dwellings multitudes of whites were whispering about Mr. Birney.

The cities of the North were at the same time in commotion. From disturbing meetings and inflicting petty social wounds, the enemies of the coloured race proceeded to gross outrage. The fear for the purses of the merchants and shipowners of the North was becoming exasperated into panic. The panic was generously shared by those who had no ships, and conducted no commerce. The lawyers and clergy, "gentlemen of property and standing" of every sort, and the press, gave their sympathy to the merchants, and the result was presently visible in the reflection of flames upon the midnight sky. The American reign of terror now began. In Philadelphia forty-four houses and two churches were besieged: some few greatly damaged, and the rest sacked and destroyed. The forty-four houses belonged to the people of colour. In New York the mob hunted higher game. On the 4th of July (the anniversary of the day when liberty was guaranteed to all American citizens by the declaration of Independence), the house of Mr Lewis Tappan was sacked, and the furniture burned in the street. A certain bureau, in which his children kept their little keepsakes and other treasures was thrown upon the heap, and was soon crackling in the flames; an early taste of persecution for the young creatures, and a circumstance exceedingly well adapted to perpetuate their father's spirit in them. The house of Dr. Cox was seriously damaged, and the African school-house in Orange-street, with twelve adjacent houses, chiefly belonging to people of colour, were destroyed. St. Philip's church was sacked, and several others much damaged. The abolitionists not only suffered the destruction of their property, and the peril of their lives, but the revilings of the press were poured out upon them. They were upbraided as the causes of the riots, and were told that, though *they* were served rightly enough, they had no business to scare the city with the sight of their burning property and demolished churches.

Next followed the virtual accession of a great northern man to the cause; for though Dr. Channing continued to censure the abolitionists for two years after this, it was in the autumn of 1834 that his mind's eye was fixed upon the question on which he has since acted a brave part. It was at the close of this summer, in the parlour of his Rhode Island retreat, that the memorable conversation with Mr Abdy took place, by which Dr. Channing's attention was aroused to the wrongs of the coloured race. Scarcely any other man of his heart and his principles could have remained so long unaware of the actual state of the case: but there are circumstances of health, habit, and environment, which account for the fact to those who know Dr. Channing. As soon as Mr. Abdy had quitted him, he applied himself to learn the truth of the case, and in the month of October preached a thorough-going abolition sermon, as to its principles at least, though many months elapsed before he learned fully to recognize the merits of the men who were teaching and practising them at the hazard of all that ordinary men most value. But the ray of doubt which was thus carried into that country retreat has now brightened into the sunshine of perfect conviction; it did so in time to dispel the

dark clouds which had gathered above the morals of the Texas question. It is owing to Dr. Channing, finally and chiefly (though in the first instance to Mr. Child), that the United States have been saved the crime and the shame of annexing Texas to the Union, for the purpose of the protraction of slavery.

At the close of this busy year it was found that the Auxiliary Anti-Slavery Societies had increased from sixty to about two hundred. The great executive Committee proposed to their constituents to "thank God and take courage."

The case of the abolitionists will not, however, be truly regarded, if they are contemplated as herding together, supporting each other by sympathy and mutual aid. They met, in smaller or larger numbers, from time to time; they met for refreshment and for mutual strength: but it was in the intervals of these meetings, the weary, lonely intervals, that their trials befel them. It was when the husband was abroad about his daily business that he met with his crosses: his brother merchants deprived him of his trade; his servants insulted him; the magistrates refused him redress of grievances; among his letters he found one enclosing the ear of a negro; or a printed hand-bill offering large rewards for his own ears or his head; or a lithographed representation of himself hanging from a gallows, or burning in a tar-barrel. It was when the wife was plying her needle by the fireside that messages were brought in from her tradesmen that they could supply her no longer, or that letters dropped in with such contents as the following:—

"Madam—I write to inform you that personal violence is intended on you and your husband this evening.

"Your's, in haste,

"An Abolitionist.

"Beware of nine o'clock."

It was in the course of ordinary life that their children came crying from school, tormented by their school-fellows for their parents' principles; that youths had the doors of colleges slammed in their faces, and that young men were turned back from the pulpit and the bar.—This was a course of life which required a better support than the temporary enthusiasm of an occasional meeting, be the emotions of the hour as lofty and holy as they might. Such a support these men and women had; and never was it more wanted than at this crisis in their history.

In the month of July, 1835, one of the dismissed students of the Lane Seminary, Amos Dresser by name, travelled southwards from Cincinnati, for the purpose of selling bibles and a few other books, as a means of raising funds for the completion of his education; a very common practice in the west, and highly useful to the residents of new settlements. At Nashville, Tennessee, he was arrested on suspicion of being an abolition agent; which was not the fact, and in support of which there was positively no evidence whatever. He had not spoken with slaves, or distributed books among free persons of colour. He was brought before a Committee of Vigilance, consisting of sixty-two of the principal citizens, among whom were seven elders of the Presbyterian church. He i

examination lasted from between four and five in the afternoon till eleven at night. His trunk was brought before the Committee and emptied. In it were found three volumes, written by abolitionists, put in by Dresser for his private reading; and some old newspapers of the same character, used as stuffing to prevent the books from rubbing. His private journal was examined; but as it was in pencil, consisting only of memoranda, and those put in abbreviation, little could be made out of it. The Mayor gave up the attempt to read it aloud, observing, as he laid it down, that it was "evidently very hostile to slavery." Private letters from friends were then read aloud, and wise looks were exchanged among the judges at every expression which could be laid hold of as indicating a different way of thinking from theirs. At eleven o'clock the young man was sent into an adjoining room to await the judgment of the Committee. He had not conceived the idea of any very serious issue of the examination; and it was, therefore, with horror that he heard from the principal city officer that the Committee were debating whether his punishment should be thirty-nine lashes, or a hundred (a number considered fatal, in the way in which abolitionists are flogged), or death by hanging. The Committee acknowledged, through the whole proceeding, that Dresser had broken no law; but pleaded that if the law did not sufficiently protect slavery against the assaults of opinion, an association of gentlemen must make law for the occasion. Dresser was found guilty of three things; of being a member of an Anti-Slavery Society in another State—of having books of an anti-Slavery tendency in his possession, and of *being believed* to have circulated such in his travels. He was condemned to receive twenty lashes on his bare back in the market-place. To the market-place he was marched, amidst the acclamations of the mob; and there, by torch-light, and just as the chimes were about to usher in the Sunday, he was stripped and flogged with a heavy cow-hide. At the close an involuntary exclamation of thanksgiving escaped his lips that it was over, and that he had been able to bear it. "God d—n him, stop his praying!" was shouted on all hands. Twenty-four hours were allowed him to leave the city; but it was thought unsafe for him to remain a moment longer than was absolutely necessary, or to return to his lodgings. Some kind person or persons, entire strangers to him, drew him into a house, bathed his wounds, gave him food, and furnished him with a disguise, with which he left the place on foot, early in the morning. Neither clothes, books, nor papers were ever returned to him, though he made every necessary application. There is little in the excitement of annual or quarterly meetings which can sustain a young man under an ignominious public whipping, in a strange city, where there was not one familiar face to look upon. Dresser has some other support, which has prevented his shrinking from the consequences of his opinions then and ever since. When he visited Boston, some time after, he spoke at an abolition meeting. We have before us, in the form of an animadversion upon this, a specimen of the newspaper comments of the time upon such transactions as Dresser was the subject of. We quote from the *Boston Courier*:—

"Hearing yesterday, as I passed through Congress Hall, the screams of one

who appeared to be in distress, I went up to see what could be the matter, when I found several hundred females, of all occupations and colours, gazing and quivering at a spectacle of the most writhing agony. A miserable young man, expelled not long since for disorderly conduct from Lane Seminary, was endeavouring to avenge himself on slave-holders. . . . . If the women, such as composed this motley assembly, cannot find sufficient to do in taking care of their ragged children, then let some employment be given them, in which they may at least be saved from disgracing their sex: or, if they must have a spectacle, let them put the halter at once around the neck of this martyr to revenge, witness his swinging fidgets, and then go home."

It was about this time that the Attorney-General of Massachusetts, Austin by name, gave advice to the Governor in Council that any abolitionists demanded by the South should be delivered up for trial under Southern laws (the sure result of which is known to be death). A pamphlet by a leading lawyer of Boston, named Sullivan, followed on the same side, offering a legal opinion that those who discussed the subject of slavery (an act injurious to the peace of society) might be brought under the penal laws of Massachusetts: *ex post facto* laws, if no others could be found. A friend of Dr. Channing's wrote to him that it was now time for him to come forward: and he obeyed the suggestion. During the autumn he wrote his tract on Slavery, and published it at Christmas. During the interval some remarkable events had taken place.

Our historical review has now brought us up to the date of the first of the works whose titles we have prefixed to this article, and which are, substantially, Annual Reports of the proceedings of the Massachusetts Female Anti-Slavery Society. We have arrived at the most remarkable period of the great struggle, when an equal share of its responsibility and suffering came to press upon women. We have seen how men first engaged in it, and how young men afterwards, as a separate element, were brought in. Many women had joined from the first, and their numbers had continually increased: but their exertions had hitherto consisted in raising funds, and in testifying sympathy for the coloured race and their advocates. Their course of political action, which has never since been checked, began in the autumn of 1835.

The Female Anti-Slavery Society in Boston is composed of women of every rank, and every religious sect, as well as of all complexions. The president is a Presbyterian; the chief secretary is an Unitarian; and among the other officers and members may be found Quakers, Episcopalians, Methodists, and Swedenborgians. All sectarian jealousy is lost in the great cause; and these women had, from the first day of their association, preserved, not only harmony, but strong mutual affection, while differing on matters of opinion as freely and almost as widely as if they had kept within the bosom of their respective sects. Upon such a set of women was the responsibility thrown of vindicating the liberty of meeting and of free discussion in Boston; and nobly they sustained it.

Before we proceed, it is necessary to say a few words upon the most remarkable of these women,—the understood author of the books whose titles stand at the head of our article. Maria Weston was educated in England, and might have remained here in the enjoyment of wealth,

luxury, and fashion: but with these she could not obtain sufficient freedom of thought and action to satisfy her noble nature; and, no natural ties detaining her, she returned to New England, to earn her bread there by teaching, and breathe as freely as she desired. She has paid a heavy tax of persecution for her freedom; but she has it. She is a woman of rare intellectual accomplishment, full of reading, and with strong and well-exercised powers of thought. She is beautiful as the day, tall in her person, and noble in her carriage, with a voice as sweet as a silver bell, and speech as clear and sparkling as a running brook. Her accomplishments have expanded in a happy home. She has been for some years the wife of Mr. Henry Chapman, a merchant of Boston, an excellent man, whose spirit of self-denial is equal to his wife's, and is shown no less nobly in the same cause. A woman of genius like her's cannot but take the lead wherever she acts at all; and she is the life and soul of the enterprise in Boston. The foes of the cause have nicknamed her "Captain Chapman;" and the name passes from mouth to mouth as she walks up Washington-street,—not less admired, perhaps, all the while, than if she were only the most beautiful woman in the city. This lady, with all her sisters, took her ground early, and has always had sober reason to plead for every one of her many extensions of effort. She is understood to have drawn up the petition which follows,—a fair specimen of the multitudes of petitions from women which have been piled up under the table of Congress, till the venerable John Quincy Adams has been roused to the remarkable conflict which we shall presently have to allude to:—

"PETITION

"*To the Honourable Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled.*

"The undersigned, women of Massachusetts, deeply convinced of the sinfulness of slavery, and keenly aggrieved by its existence in a part of our country over which Congress possesses exclusive jurisdiction in all cases whatsoever, do most earnestly petition your honourable body immediately to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, and to declare every human being free who sets foot upon its soil.

"We also respectfully announce our intention to present the same petition yearly before your honourable body, that it may at least be a 'memorial of us' that in the holy cause of Human Freedom 'we have done what we could.'"

In answer to objections against such petitioning, the author of 'Right and Wrong in Boston' says—

"If we are not enough grieved at the existence of slavery to ask that it may be abolished in the ten miles square over which Congress possesses exclusive jurisdiction, we may rest assured that we are slave-holders in heart, and indeed under the endurance of the penalty which selfishness inflicts,—the slow but certain death of the soul. We sometimes, but not often, hear it said—'It is such an odd, *unladylike* thing to do!' We concede that the human soul, in the full exercise of its most god-like power of self-denial and exertion for the good of others, is, emphatically, a very unladylike thing. We have never heard this objection but from that sort of woman who is dead while she lives, or to be pitied as the victim of domestic tyranny. The woman who makes it is generally one who has struggled from childhood up to womanhood through a process of

spiritual suffocation. Her infancy was passed in serving as a convenience for the display of elegant baby linen. Her youth, in training for a more public display of braiding the hair, and wearing of gold, and putting on of apparel; while the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit,—the hidden man of the heart, is not deemed worthy the attainment. Her summers fly away in changes of air and water; her winters in changes of flimsy garments, in inhaling lamp-smoke, and drinking champagne at midnight with the most dissipated men in the community. This is the woman who tells us it is *unladylike* to ask that children may no longer be sold away from their parents, or wives from their husbands, in the District of Columbia, and adds, 'They ought to be mobbed who ask it.' . . . . O how painful is the contemplation of the ruins of a nature a little lower than the angels!"—*Right and Wrong in Boston in* 1836, p. 27.

"We feel," she elsewhere declares, "that we may confidently affirm that no woman of Massachusetts will cease to exercise for the slaves the right of petition (her only means of manifesting her civil existence) for which Mr. Adams has so nobly contended. Massachusetts women will not forget in their petitions to Heaven the name of him who upheld their prayer for the enslaved of the earth, in the midst of sneers and wrath, bidding oppressors remember that *they*, too, were woman-born, and declaring that he considered the wives, and mothers, and daughters of his electors, as his constituents.... What immediate effect would be produced on men's hearts, and how much they might be moved to wrath before they were touched with repentance, we have never been careful to inquire. We leave such cares with God; we do so with confidence in his paternal providence; for what we have done is right and womanly."—*Right and Wrong in Boston in* 1837, p. 87.

To consult on their labours of this and other kinds, the ladies of the Boston Anti-Slavery Society intended to meet at their own office, 46, Washington-street, on the 21st of October. Handbills had been circulated and posted up in different parts of the city the day before, offering a reward to any persons who would commit certain acts of violence,—such as "bringing Thompson to the tar-kettle before dark." The ladies were informed that they would be killed; and when they applied at the Mayor's office for protection to their lawful meeting, the City Marshal replied—"You give us a great deal of trouble." This trouble, however, their consciences compelled them to give. They could not decline the duty of asserting their liberty of meeting and free discussion. But Mrs. Chapman felt that every member should have notice of what might await her; and she herself carried the warning from house to house, with all discretion and quietness. Among those whom she visited was an artizan's wife, who was sweeping out one of her two rooms as Mrs. Chapman entered. On hearing that there was every probability of violence, and that the warning was given in order that she might stay away, if she thought proper, she leaned upon her broom, and considered for awhile. Her answer was—"I have often wished and asked that I might be able to do something for the slaves; and it seems to me that this is the very time and the very way. You will see me at the meeting, and I will keep a prayerful mind, as I am about my work, till then."

Twenty-five reached the place of meeting, by presenting themselves three-quarters of an hour before the time. Five more struggled up the stairs, and a hundred were turned back by the mob. It is well known how these ladies were mobbed by some hundreds of gentlemen in fine "broad-cloth"—(Boston broad-cloth has become celebrated since that

day). It is well known how these gentlemen hurraed, broke down the partition, and threw orange-peel at the ladies while they were at prayer: but Mrs. Chapman's part in the lessons of the hour has not been made public.

She is the Foreign Corresponding Secretary of the society; and she was in the midst of reading her Report, in a noise too great to allow of her being heard, when the mayor of Boston, Mr. Lyman, entered the room in great trepidation——

"Ladies," said he, "I request you to dissolve this meeting."

"Mr. Mayor," said Mrs. Chapman, "we desire you to disperse this mob."

"Ladies," the mayor continued, "you must dissolve this meeting; I cannot preserve the peace."

"Mr. Mayor," replied Mrs. Chapman, "we are disturbed in our lawful business by this unlawful mob, and it is your business to relieve us of it."

"I know it, Mrs. Chapman, I know it; but I cannot: I cannot protect you; and I entreat you to go."

"If that be the case," answered she, "as we have accomplished our object, and vindicated our right of meeting, we will, if the meeting pleases, adjourn." She looked round upon her companions, and proposed that, to accommodate the authorities, they should adjourn their meeting. This was agreed to, and the women passed down the stairs, and through the mob, and, as the business of the day was finished, each to her own home. Certain of the fine broad-cloth men observed afterwards that Mrs. Chapman, in the high excitement of the hour, looked more like an angel than a woman who is visible every day. She was not aware that her friend Garrison was in the hands of the mob, and she therefore went home, as she had advised her companions to do, and sat down to her needle. Presently several gentlemen entered without asking admission. She recognised among them some members of Dr. Channing's church, whom she was accustomed to meet at worship Sunday by Sunday. They demanded Mr. Thompson, saying, that they had reason to believe he was in that house. They wanted Mr. Thompson.

"I know it," said she; "and I know what you want with Mr. Thompson; you want his blood."

They declared they would not shed his blood; but she held off till they had pledged themselves that under no circumstances should Mr. Thompson receive bodily harm.

"This pledge is what I wanted," said she; "and now I will tell you that Mr. Thompson is not here, and I am sure I don't know where he is."

She then told the gentlemen that she had something to say to them, and they must hear her. On a day like this, when the laws were broken, and the peace of society violated by those who ought best to know their value, it was no time for ceremony; she should speak with the plainness which the times demanded. And she proceeded with a remonstrance so powerful that, after some argument, her adversaries

fairly succumbed: one wept, and another asked as a favour that she would shake hands with him. But at this crisis her husband came in. The sight of him revived the bad passions of these gentry. They said they had to inform him that they had obtained the names of his commercial correspondents in the South, and were about to deprive him of his trade, by informing his southern connexions that the merchants of Boston disowned him for a fellow-citizen, and had proscribed him from their society. Mr. Chapman quietly replied that by their thus coming to see him he was enabled to save them the trouble of writing to the South; and he proceeded to explain that, finding his southern commerce implicated with slave labour, he had surrendered more and more of it, and had this very week declined to execute orders to the amount of three thousand dollars. There was nothing left for these magnanimous gentlemen but to sneak away.

The women who were at the meeting of this memorable day were worthy of the occasion, not from being strong enough to follow the lead of such a woman as Maria Chapman, but from having a strength independent of her. The reason of Garrison being there was, that he went to escort his young wife, who was near her confinement. She was one of the last to depart, and it could not be concealed from her that her husband was in the hands of the mob. She stepped out of the window upon a shed, in the fearful excitement of the moment. He was in the extremest danger. His hat was lost, and brickbats were rained upon his head, while he was hustled along in the direction of the tar-kettle, which was heating in the next street. The only words which escaped from the white lips of the young wife were—"I think my husband will not deny his principles; I am sure my husband will never deny his principles." Garrison was rescued by a stout truck-man, and safely lodged in jail (the only place in which he could be secure), without having in the least flinched from the consequences of his principles. The differences in the minds of these women, and the view which they all agree to take of the persecution to which they are subjected, may be best shown in the eloquent words of the author of "Right and Wrong:"—

"Our common cause appears in a different vesture as presented by differing minds. One is striving to unbind a slave's manacles—another to secure to all human souls their inalienable rights; one to secure the temporal well-being, and another the spiritual benefit, of the enslaved of our land. Some labour that the benefits which they feel that they have derived from their own system of theology may be shared by the bondman; others, that the bondman may have light and liberty to form a system for himself. Some, that he may be enabled to hallow the Sabbath-day by rest and religious observances; some, that he may receive wages for the other six. Some are forcibly urged to the work of emancipation by the sight of scourged and insulted manhood; and others by the spectacle of outraged womanhood and weeping infancy. Some labour to preserve from torture the slave's body, and some for the salvation of his soul. Here are differences; nevertheless, our hopes and our hearts are one."—*Right and Wrong*, vol. ii, p. 80.

"There is an exceeding great reward in faithful obedience; the clearer and deeper views of duty it gives; the greater love of God and man—the deliverance from fear and constraint—the less apprehension of suffering—the more freedom

to die.' Enjoying these, may we never look for any reward less spiritual and enduring. We pray, for the sake of the oppressed, that God will aid us to banish from our hearts every vestige of selfishness; for, in proportion to our disinterestedness will be our moral power for their deliverance. Not until our mount of sacrifice overtops the mountain of southern transgression should we dare to ask the slave-holder to give up the bondman. We should not dare to bid him relinquish what he (however erroneously) thinks his living, till we have first cast into the treasury our own. How dare we expect him to incur the displeasure of *his* friends and neighbours, till we have exhausted every form of representation and entreaty with *ours*—till we have finally said, in the plainness of Christian reproof, to the steady opponent of righteousness at the North, 'the slave-holder goes up to his house justified rather than thou?' The experience of the past shows, not only that emancipation must come, but also the manner of its coming. Our national confederacy is but just beginning to unite, on the only true principle of union—to give and not to receive. If we of the North persevere, at every sacrifice to ourselves, in giving the truth, which alone can save the country from the alternations of anarchy, insurrection, and despotism, doubt not that there are multitudes at the south who will receive it gladly, at a far nobler sacrifice. The sublime example of such as Birney, and Thome, and Nelson, and Allen, and Angelina E. Grimke, will not be given in vain. A few more years of danger and intense exertion, and the South and the North will unite in reading the Constitution by the light from above, thrown on it by the Declaration of Independence, and not by the horrible glare of the slave-code. The cause of freedom will ere long become the popular one; and a voice of regret will be heard throughout the land, from those who will have forgotten these days of misrepresentation and danger—'Why was not I among the early abolitionists!' Let us be deeply grateful that we are among the early called. Let us pray God to forgive the men who would deface every feature of a Christian community by making it personally dangerous to fulfil a Christian woman's duty; to forgive the man who sneers at the sympathy for the oppressed implanted by the Spirit of God in the heart of the mother that bore and cherished his infancy—of the wife, the helpmate of his manhood, and of the daughter whom that same quality of womanly devotedness would lead to shield his grey head with her own bosom. Let us never forget through these unquiet years, whereunto we are called,

> 'The first in shame and agony,
> The meanest in the lowest task;
> *This* must we be!'—

the stepping stone by which the wealthy, the gifted and the influential, are to pass unharmed, through the roar of waters, to the RIGHT side."—*Right and Wrong*, vol. ii, pp. 81—83.

"Angelina E. Grimke." Who is she? She and her sister Sarah are Quaker ladies of South Carolina. Our author says of their visit to Boston, to act and speak in this cause—"It might have been anticipated that they would have met with a friendly reception from those calling themselves the better sort, for they were highly connected. Unfortunately, they were but women; though the misfortune of that fact was greatly abated by their being sisters of the Hon. Thos. S. Grimke." This gentleman was, in point of scholarship, the greatest ornament of the United States, and his character was honoured by the whole community. After his death, his sisters strove by all the means which could be devised by powerful intellects and kind hearts to ameliorate the condition of the slaves they had inherited. In defiance of the laws, they taught them,

and introduced upon their estates as many as possible of the usages of free society. But it would not do. There is no infusing into slavery the benefits of freedom. When these ladies had become satisfied of this fact, they surrendered their worldly interests instead of their consciences. They freed their slaves, and put them in the way of providing for themselves in a free region, and then retired to Philadelphia, to live on the small remains of their former opulence. It does not appear that they had any intention of coming forward publicly as they have since done; but feeling themselves conscientiously obliged to devote themselves and all their powers to the cause, it has been found that their knowledge of the minute details and less obvious workings of the slavery system has supplied precisely the support which was most needed to the great question. Their Quaker habits of speaking rendered it easy for them to communicate, in public addresses, their own convictions and personal knowledge; and the exertion of their great talents in this direction has been of most essential service to the cause. It was before they adopted this mode of action that the public first became interested in these ladies, through a private letter written by Angelina to her friend Garrison—a letter which he did his race the kindness to publish, and which strengthened even the great man's strong heart. We give the greater part of it:—

"I can hardly express to thee the deep and solemn interest with which I have viewed the violent proceedings of the last few weeks. Although I expected opposition, yet I was not prepared for it so soon—it took me by surprise, and I greatly feared the abolitionists would be driven back on the first onset, and thrown into confusion. So fearful was I, that though I clung with unflinching firmness to our principles, yet I was afraid of even opening one of thy papers, lest I should see some indications of a compromise, some surrender, some palliation. Under these feelings I was induced to read thy appeal to the citizens of Boston. Judge, then, what were my feelings, on finding that my fears were utterly groundless, and that thou stoodest firm in the midst of the storm, determined to suffer and to die, rather than yield one inch.

"Religious persecution always begins with mobs; it is always unprecedented in any age or country in which it commences, and therefore there are no laws by which reformers can be punished; consequently, a lawless band of unprincipled men determine to take the matter into their hands, and act out in mobs, what they know are the principles of a large majority of those who are too high in church and state to condescend to mingle with them, though they secretly approve and rejoice over their violent measures. The first martyr who ever died was stoned by a lawless mob; and if we look at the rise of various sects—methodists, friends, &c.—we shall find that mobs began the persecution against them, and that it was not until after the people had thus spoken out their wishes, that laws were framed to fine, imprison, or destroy them. Let us, then, be prepared for the enactment of laws, even in our free States, against abolitionists. And how ardently has the prayer been breathed, that God would prepare us for all he is preparing for us!

"My mind has been especially turned towards those who are standing in the forefront of the battle; and the prayer has gone up for their preservation—not the preservation of their lives, but the preservation of their minds in humility and patience, faith, hope, and charity—that charity which is the bond of perfectness. If persecution is the means which God has ordained for the accomplishment of this great end, Emancipation, then, in dependence upon him for

strength to bear it, I feel as if I could say, let it come; for it is my deep, solemn, deliberate conviction, that this is a cause worth dying for.

"At one time I thought this system would be overthrown in blood, with the confused noise of the warrior; but a hope gleams across my mind that our blood will be spilt, instead of the slaveholders'; our lives will be taken, and theirs spared; I say a hope, for of all things I desire to be spared the anguish of seeing our beloved country desolated with the horrors of a servile war.

"A. E. GRIMKE."

In answer to an overwhelming pressure of invitations, these ladies have lectured in upwards of sixty towns of the United States to overflowing audiences. Boston itself has listened to them with reverence. Some of the consequences of their exertions will be noticed as we proceed: meantime we must give our author's report of this novelty in the method of proceeding:—

"The idea of a woman's teaching was a startling novelty, even to abolitionists; but their principled and habitual reverence for the freedom of individual action induced them to a course unusual among men—to examine before they condemned. Only a short examination was needed to convince them that the main constituents in the relation of teacher and taught are ignorance on one side and knowledge on the other. They had been too long accustomed to hear the Bible quoted in defence of slavery, to be astonished that its authority should be claimed for the subjugation of woman, the moment she should act for the enslaved. The example and teaching of the Grimkes wrought conviction as to the rights and consequent duties of women in the minds of multitudes. Prejudices and ridiculous associations of ideas vanished. False interpretations of scripture disappeared. Probably our children's children, our sons no less than our daughters, will dwell on the memory of these women, as the descendants of the bondman of to-day will cherish the name of Garrison."—*Right and Wrong*, vol. iii, p. 61.

Angelina E. Grimke was married, in the spring of 1838, to Theodore D. Weld, one of the forty seceders from Lane Seminary. The devotion of these ladies to the cause they have espoused is a devotion for life. They give their all to it,—not only their time and labour, not only their slave-property, but all their resources. They are now living on the Hudson, about ten miles from New York, thinking the bare support of life enough, since it is sufficient for their object. They have no servant, and they have long given up meat, tea, and coffee. The saving of time is as much an object with them in this as economy of money. Their office is to collect and publish evidence (for which their former experience as slave-holders peculiarly fits them) relating to the whole system of slavery. They are thus pretty constantly employed in writing. The family sit at their desks till within five minutes of the dinner or supper hour. One of the ladies goes down to prepare the table, and rings the bell as the hour strikes, when the rest descend to their cheerful meal, thus easily prepared. It is thought probable that, without such a change in their mode of living, persons who had been brought up in the climate, and amidst the luxurious indulgences of the Southern States, would have soon sunk under the toils and excitements which these ladies have sustained,—thus far, thank God! without injury to the health of body or mind.

A gentleman of the class from which the Grimkes have emerged, Mr. M'Duffie, Governor of South Carolina, wrote a remarkable message to the legislature of his State this same year, 1835. He declared therein that freedom can be preserved only in societies where work is disreputable, or where there is an hereditary aristocracy, or a military despotism; and that he preferred the first, as being the most republican. He further declared—

"No human institution, in my opinion, is more manifestly consistent with the will of God than domestic slavery; and no one of his ordinances is written in more legible characters than that which consigns the African race to this condition, as more conducive to their own happiness than any other of which they are susceptible." . . . . "Domestic slavery, therefore, instead of being a political evil, is the corner-stone of our republican edifice. No patriot who justly estimates our privileges will tolerate the idea of emancipation, at any period, however remote, or on any conditions of pecuniary advantage, however favourable. I would as soon think of opening a negociation for selling the liberty of the State at once, as of making any stipulations for the ultimate emancipation of our slaves. So deep is my conviction on this subject, that if I were doomed to die immediately after recording these sentiments, I would say, in all sincerity, and under all the sanctions of Christianity and patriotism, 'God forbid that my descendants, in the remotest generations, should live in any other than a community having the institution of domestic slavery, as it existed among the patriarchs of the primitive Church, and in all the states of antiquity!"—*Governor M'Duffie's Message*, 1835.

When this message, endorsed by a committee of the South Carolina Legislature, with General Hamilton for its chairman, arrived in New England, Dr. Channing observed in conversation that, but for the obligation to preserve peace and good-humour, he should have liked to ask the yeomanry of his State (that body of whom Washington exclaimed, in a paroxysm of admiration and gratitude, "God bless the yeomanry of Massachusetts!") what they thought of the doctrine that freedom can be preserved only where the efficient classes of society are slaves, where work is disreputable, and where slavery is cherished as "the corner-stone of the republican edifice."

The other events which attracted the most attention during this year were two. The first was a desperate and cruel massacre of upwards of twenty persons on the gibbet at Vicksburg, on the Mississippi, on a vague and unfounded suspicion of an intended rising among the slaves. The other remarkable event was the "disinterring of the law of Massachusetts," in defence of two women who had been kidnapped, in order to be carried into southern slavery.

A brig was observed to touch at one of the Boston wharfs, and put off again suddenly, in consequence of a few words being spoken to the captain by some one on shore. This awakened curiosity; and some men of colour rowed round the brig in a boat, but were warned off—not, however, before they had seen that two women were making signals of distress from the cabin window. The ever-vigilant abolitionists obtained a writ of *habeas corpus*, and got these women out of the custody of the captain, and safely provided for in jail. The ladies were aware of the difficulty of rescuing kidnapped persons, as, in case of acquittal on the

charge of being a slave, the claimant is commonly able to lay hands on his victim again instantly on some charge of theft. They therefore resolved to be at the Court-house during the trial of the claim now under notice, that they might not only comfort the poor women by their presence, but aid their instant escape in case of their discharge being pronounced. Unusual as was the spectacle of the presence of ladies in the Court-house (except in cases of murder, or others of like "thrilling interest"), five of the Ladies' Society appeared in Court at nine in the morning, and surrounded the prisoners. The claimant endeavoured to set up a clause of the Constitution against the Massachusetts Bill of Rights; but the Bill of Rights carried the day, on the plea of an abolitionist lawyer, Mr. Sewall; and Judge Shaw arrived, amidst the dead silence of the Court, at his closing clause, "whence it appears that the prisoners must be discharged." At the word every one rose—the counsel on both sides, the men of colour who thronged the Court, and the women who surrounded the prisoners. The claimant darted forth his arm; but a lane had been made, and the poor women were gone. The next minute the place was empty. One of the women fainted in the lobby; but her safety was cared for.

Among the attendant ladies was a Quaker, "impressed with a sense of the duty of rebuke." She observed to the claimant—

"*Lady.* Thy prey hath escaped thee.

"*Claimant.* Madam, you are very rude to a stranger.

"*Lady.* What, then, art thou who comest here to kidnap women?

"*Claimant.* I am a member of the Methodist Church, and presume I give much more to the Colonization Society than all of you together.

"*Lady.* Why art thou here, then, hunting for those who have colonized themselves? I despise thy conduct and thy Colonization Society alike."

In Massachusetts alone there was an accession of twenty societies during this year. The report says—

"Five of them are of females. Our opposers affect to sneer at their co-operation; but we welcome, and are grateful for it. The influence of women never was, never will be, insignificant: it is dreaded by those who would be thought to contemn it. Men have always been eager to secure their co-operation. We hail it as most auspicious of our success that so many faithful and zealous women have espoused the anti-slavery cause in this republic. Events of the past year have proved that those who have associated themselves with us will be helpmates indeed; for they are animated by a spirit that can brave danger, endure hardship, and face a frowning world."

It is impossible, in a sketch like the present, to enumerate the acts of violence, or to describe the mobs with which the abolitionists have had to contend. At Canaan, in New Hampshire, there was an academy, to which some benevolent persons had procured admission for about twelve young men of colour. All seemed to be going on well, when a town meeting was called, and it was resolved to put a stop to the instruction of people of colour. Three hundred citizens assembled one morning, provided with ropes and rollers, and fairly rolled away the

Noyes Academy over the boundary of the State. At Cincinnati the gentry disgraced themselves by a persecution of Mr. Birney, which caused the destruction of his office, press, and types, but which terminated in the triumph of his moral power over their brute force. At St. Louis, in Missouri, a mulatto, named M'Intosh, was burned alive under circumstances of deep atrocity ; and because he was heard to pray as his limbs were slowly consuming, he was pronounced by the magistrates to be in league with the abolitionists. The gentlemen of Charleston broke open the post-office, and burned the mails in the street, on the charge of their containing anti-slavery papers. Such were a few of the events of the year 1836.

The Governors of some of the Southern States demanded of the Governor and Legislature of Massachusetts the enactment of penal laws against the abolitionists, or that they should be given up to southern justice. The Massachusetts abolitionists, as is well known, requested to be heard against the passing of such laws; were favoured with an apparent audience before a committee of the Legislature; were insulted by the committee, broke off the conference, and demanded a full hearing as a matter of right; established all their positions, and justified themselves with the best part of the community, so that the demands of the south were thrown under the table, and a Legislature was returned, after the next election, whose first act was to pass a set of resolutions strongly denouncing slavery, and asserting liberty of speech and the press. The particulars of this triumph are well known ; how the mild and brave Dr Follen fought his ground, inch by inch, in the midst of insult and captious opposition, till every heart and every voice was with him ; how the accomplished lawyer, Ellis Gray Loring, commanded the respect of the committee by his readiness, and the power of his moderation : how Mr. May tamed his foes (for the committee took no pains to conceal that they were foes) into a gentleness almost equal to his own : and how the brutality of the chairman of the first committee, Mr. Lunt, was so atrocious that he was politically defunct from that day. A slight circumstance or two may illustrate the state and temper of the times. While the committee were, with ostentatious negligence, keeping the abolitionists waiting, the Senate Chamber presented an interesting spectacle. The contemptuous committee, dawdling about some immaterial business, were lolling over a table, one twirling a pen, another squirting tobacco-juice, and a third giggling. The abolitionists, to whom this business was a prelude to life or death, were earnestly consulting in groups—at the further end of the chamber, Garrison and another, standing head to head—somewhat nearer, Dr. Follen, looking German all over, and a deeper earnestness than usual overspreading his serene and meditative countenance; and, in consultation with him, Mr. Loring, looking only too frail in form, but with a face radiant with inward light. There was May, and Goodell, and Sewall, and several more, and many an anxious wife, or sister, or friend, looking down from the gallery. During the suspense the door opened, and Dr. Channing entered—one of the last people that could on that wintry afternoon have been expected. He stood for a few moments muffled in

cloak and shawl-handkerchief, and then walked the whole length of the room, and was immediately seen shaking hands with Garrison.* A murmur ran through the gallery, and a smile went round the chamber. Mrs. Chapman whispered to her next neighbour, "Righteousness and peace have kissed each other." Garrison, the dauntless Garrison, turned pale as ashes, and sank down on a seat. Dr. Channing had censured the abolitionists in his pamphlet on slavery; Garrison had, in the 'Liberator,' rejected the censure; and here they were shaking hands in the Senate Chamber. It was presently found that a pressure of numbers compelled an adjournment to the larger House of Representatives. There Dr. Channing sat behind the speakers, handing them notes, and most obviously affording them his countenance, so as to be from that day considered by the world as an accession to their principles, though not to their organized body. Another circumstance worthy of note is that a somewhat sophisticated well-wisher to the cause suggested that at the second meeting the *gentlemen* of the party alone should speak—such as Follen, Loring, and Sewall; and that the more homely and more openly-reviled members, Garrison and Goodell and others, should keep in the back ground: This was mentioned to Mrs. Chapman. Her righteous spirit rejected the counsel at once, on the ground of its falseness of principle. "Besides," said she, "we owe it to Garrison to protect him; and his only protection is being placed in the midst of the gentlemen, where his foes dare not touch him. If we do not vigilantly keep him there," she continued, with swimming eyes and quivering lips, "he will be murdered next riot-season – he will be torn to pieces next autumn." As it turned out, it was the eloquence of Garrison and Goodell that carried the day, and the inexperienced adviser owned himself mistaken. Such are the small facts which indicate the temper of the times.

The day was now passed when the insignificance of the abolition movement could be a subject for taunts. The tone of contempt had been kept up to the last possible moment; but that moment was gone by. A few legislatures had declared themselves, like that of Massachusetts; the Governor of Pennsylvania ("honest Joe Ritner," the waggoner's boy,) had publicly reprobated the disposition of Northern members of Congress "to bow to the dark spirit of slavery;" all the candidates for state offices in Vermont, both of the federal and democratic party, were abolitionists; and it might be said, as a general fact, that in New England, the yeomanry were with the abolitionists, while the large commercial and manufacturing towns were as strenuous in their opposition as ever. The number of societies, though multiplying from day to day, had ceased to become an indication of the proportion of abolitionists in the community. There were now thousands, more or less animated by the cause, who, for various reasons (some of which reasons were very good), did not join societies. Dr. Channing entertains strong objections to

* He afterwards explained that he was not at the moment certain that it was Mr. Garrison, but that he was not the less happy to have shaken hands with him.

associations for moral objects. Certain state legislators found they could effect more in the Chamber for being unpledged, and being known to speak from independent conviction. Many women, and Mrs. Follen at the head of such, held themselves ready to join at any moment, but felt that more aid might be given to the cause by fighting the battles of the abolitionists out of the circle of partizanship than within it. Such have been among the most powerful defenders of the right for the last few years, while an inferior order of persons has been crowding into the abolition ranks. With the good of an accession of numbers must come the evil of a deterioration of quality; and it is best that there should be a distribution of the noblest original spirits,—some continuing to lead societies, and others maintaining an independent position. But, under this arrangement, the multiplication of societies ceases to be a test of the increase of numbers.

The President had now taken the matter in hand. General Jackson, the people's man, who talked of liberty daily, with energetic oaths and flourishes of the hand, inquired of Congress whether they could not pass a law prohibiting, under severe penalties, the transmission through the mails of anti-slavery publications,—or, as he worded it, of publications "intended to excite the slaves to insurrection." Mr. Calhoun, the great bulwark of slavery, declared in Congress that such a measure would be unconstitutional; but that a bill which he had prepared would answer the purpose. This was the celebrated Gag Bill. We insert it, as amended for the third reading, as we could not expect of our readers that they should credit our report of its contents. Here stands the Bill which in 1836 was read a third time in the Senate of a Republican Congress—

"A Bill

"For prohibiting deputy postmasters from receiving or transmitting through the mail to any State, Territory, or District, certain papers therein mentioned, the circulation of which, by the laws of said State, Territory, or District, may be prohibited, and for other purposes.

"*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled*, That it shall not be lawful for any deputy postmaster, in any State, Territory, or District, of the United States, knowingly to deliver to any person whatever, any pamphlet, newspaper, handbill, or other printed paper or pictorial representation touching the subject of slavery, where, by the laws of the said State, Territory, or District, their circulation is prohibited; and any deputy postmaster who shall be guilty thereof, shall be forthwith removed from office.

"Sec. 2. *And be it further enacted*, That nothing in the acts of the Congress to establish and regulate the Post Office Department shall be construed to protect any deputy postmaster, mail-carrier, or other officer or agent of said Department, who shall knowingly circulate, in any State, Territory, or District, as aforesaid, any such pamphlet, newspaper, handbill, or other printed paper or pictorial representation, forbidden by the laws of such State, Territory, or District.

"Sec. 3. *And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid*, That the deputy postmasters of the offices where the pamphlets, newspapers, handbills, or other printed papers or pictorial representations aforesaid, may arrive for delivery, shall, under the instructions of the Postmaster-General, from time to time give

notice of the same, so that they may be withdrawn by the person who deposited them originally to be mailed, and if the same shall not be withdrawn in one month thereafter, shall be burnt or otherwise destroyed."

Mr Van Buren, now President of the United States, was then Vice-President, and held the casting vote in the Senate. Every one knows his terror of committing himself. What must have been his feelings when his casting vote was called for as to the third reading of this Bill? He was standing behind a pillar, talking, when the votes were declared to be eighteen to eighteen. "Where's the Vice-President?" shouted Mr. Calhoun's mighty voice. Mr. Van Buren came forward, and voted for the third reading. "The Northern States are sold!" groaned the New England senators, with one voice. By their strenuous efforts the bill was thrown out on the third reading. If it had passed, it would have remained to be seen, as the abolitionists remarked, "whether seven millions of freemen should become slaves, or two and a half millions of slaves should become free?"

For men and women engaged in a moral enterprise so stupendous as that under notice, there is no rest. It is well for them that the perspective of their toils is shrouded from them when they set forth; for there is perhaps no human soul that could sustain the whole certainty. Not a day's repose can these people snatch. If they were to close their eyes upon their mission for even the shortest interval, they would find that new dangers had gathered, and that their work was in arrear. Towards the end of 1836, the abolitionists felt their prospects were darker than ever. The annexation of Texas to the Union seemed an evil scarcely possible to be averted: and, if it were not averted, their enterprise was thrown back centuries. Instead of sinking into despair at seeing the success of their foes in flattering, not only the worldly interests of the sordid and ambitious part of society, but the best feelings of the superficial and thoughtless, they made a tremendous effort. Mr. Child began with an admirable exposure of the Texas scheme in the 'Anti-Slavery Quarterly Magazine,' and Dr. Channing finished the business (for the present) by his noble tract. As for the rest, "they sounded a tocsin of alarm that aroused the land to a sense of its danger; they sent their appeals, warnings, and remonstrances into every part of the republic; they held meetings by day and by night, with reference solely to this momentous question; they covered the entire surface of the nation with tracts, circulars, and papers, revealing the designs of the southern planters; in short, they put into motion all that has been done for the perpetual exclusion of Texas from the American confederacy. At the extra session of Congress in September, through their instrumentality, in the course of a few weeks, many thousand petitions, signed by hundreds of thousands of men and women were received by that body, remonstrating against the annexation in strong and emphatic language. Never before had the people made such a demonstration of their will in the form of petition." It was a noble spectacle—the bulk of a nation protesting against an acquisition of territory, on the ground of its being wrong.

In August of this year it became known to the abolitionists in Boston

that a child was in the city, brought as a slave from New Orleans, and to be carried back thither as a slave. They determined to attempt the rescue of this child by law. If they failed, she was only as she was before; if they succeeded, the case would be a parallel one with that of Sommersett in England, under Lord Mansfield's famous decision. The laws of Massachusetts were appealed to, as had been proposed, without good result, in similar cases before. This time the case was in the hands of sound lawyers, and tried before a courageous judge, Chief Justice Shaw. The child was declared free; and her happy fate decides that of all slaves (except fugitives) who shall henceforth touch the soil of Massachusetts. The newspapers opened out in full cry against her protectors, for having separated her from her mother. They overlooked the fact that parental claims merge in those of the master; that a slave-child is not pretended to belong to its parents; and that if the owner of this particular child views the relation in the right light, he has nothing to do but to emancipate the mother. The newspapers, however, declared of the counsel and others concerned, "they can never fully expiate their crimes, until offences such as theirs are punished by imprisonment at hard labour for life." Mr. Ellis Gray Loring, by whom the cause was gained, is one of the last people in the world on whom the charge of fanaticism could be fixed. He is a lover of ease—of intellectual, refined ease—but still of ease. He is in frail health, and his temper is somewhat indolent, and very domestic and retiring; his intellect is contemplative, and his tastes somewhat unsocial. It must be something very unlike fanaticism that can bring such a man out of his retirement into the storm which has for some years been pelting around him, and from which he might have shrouded himself, if any man might. The decision of Judge Shaw in the case of this slave child was presently followed in Connecticut; and, within a very short time, the abolitionists obtained right of jury trial for persons arrested as fugitive slaves in the states of Massachusetts, New Jersey, and Vermont.

At the beginning of the remarkable year 1837, great confusion was excited in Congress by Mr. Adams's management of a low jest aimed at him by the Southern members. A petition was sent to him signed by nine slaves, requesting of the House of Representatives to expel him, on the ground of the countenance he afforded to the petitions of persons who would put an end to the blessed institution of slavery. Mr. Adams presented this document as if it was a *bonâ fide* petition. The uproar in the House was tremendous; but the attention of the members was fairly fixed upon the right of petition as held by slaves, and the venerable ex-President has since been acting a more heroic part than any of his predecessors on that floor have ever been called to go through. The name of John Quincy Adams will stand out bright from the page of American history for ever, as the vindicator of the right of petition in the perilous times of the republic. We pass over, as well known, the conflict on Mr. Pinckney's resolutions, the speeches of the Southern members (after their late complacent assurances that the subject of slavery would never be breathed in Congress) and the new President's somewhat fool-hardy declaration against any relaxation of the present state of things in regard to slavery, in his inaugural address, on the 4th

of March. Our space is only too narrow for the two other great events of the year, which are less widely understood.

During the second week of May was held the first General Convention of Women that was ever assembled. Modest as were its pretensions, and quietly as it was conducted, it will stand as a great event in history—from the nature of the fact itself, and probably from the importance of its consequences. "This," says the Report, reasonably enough, "was the beginning of an examination of the claims and character of their clergy, which will end only with a reformation, hardly less startling or less needed than that of Luther."

One resolution was passed to the effect that it was immoral to separate persons of colour from the rest of society, and especially in churches; and that the members of the Convention pledged themselves to procure for the coloured people, if possible, an equal choice with themselves of sittings in churches; and, where this was not possible, to take their seats with the despised class. Another resolution was to this effect, "that whereas our fathers, husbands, and brothers have devoted themselves to the rescue of the enslaved, at the risk of ease, reputation, and life, we, their daughters, wives, and sisters, honouring their conduct, hereby pledge ourselves to uphold them by our sympathy, to share their sacrifices, and vindicate their characters." After having discharged their function, and gained some strength of heart and enlightenment of mind by their agreement in feeling and differences of opinion, these women went home, to meet again the next year at Philadelphia.

On the 27th of June, the orthodox clergy took up their position against the abolitionists. The occasion was the General Association of Massachusetts Clergymen. The movement begun by the Resolutions then passed, worthy of the dark ages, was kept up by a set of sermons, in which this magnanimous clergy came out to war against women—the Misses Grimke in particular. It is wonderful how many of these sermons ended with a simile about a vine, a trellis, and an elm.

It is evident to those who remember the conference between George Thompson and Mr Breckinridge at Glasgow, that it would be unwise in the American clergy to provoke an inquiry into the conduct of their body during the great moral struggle of the age. See the effect already:—

"As there is no royal road to mathematics, so there is no clerical road to abolition. The principles are too pure to admit of caste, even though it were the high Braminical. A general may not file the abolitionists to the right and left, and enter at literal beat of drum; nor may a clergyman claim to be speaker, as in a church meeting, by virtue of his office; nor may a woman plead her sex's pernicious privileges, or pretended disabilities. Women of New England! we are told of our powerful *indirect* influence; our claims on man's *gallantry* and *chivalry*. We would not free all the slaves in Christendom by indirection—*such* indirection. We trust to be strengthened for any sacrifices in their cause; but we may not endanger our own souls for their redemption.—Let our influence be open and *direct:* such as *our* husbands and brethren will not blush to see us exercise."—"When clergymen plead usage and immemorial custom in favour of unutterable wrong, and bid us keep silence for courtesy and put the enginery of church organization in play as a hindrance to our cause

and not as a help, our situation calls for far more strenuous exertion than when, in 1835, the freedom of the women of Boston was vilely bartered away in the merchant-thronged street. Our situation is as much more perilous now as spiritual is more dreadful than temporal outrage. We have no means to strengthen and nourish our spirits but by entertaining and obeying the free Spirit of God."—"As yet our judgment is unimpaired by hopes of the favour, and our resolution undamped by the fear of the host who oppose us. As yet our hearts are not darkened by the shadow of unkindness. We listen to clerical appeals, and religious magazines, and the voices of an associated clergy, as though we heard them not, so full on the ear of every daughter among us falls the cry of the fatherless and those who have none to help them—so full in every motherly heart and eye rises the image of one pining in captivity, who cannot be comforted because her children are not."—*Right and Wrong in Boston*, iii, pp. 73, 75, 86.

As no degree of violence, directed to break up the meetings of the Ladies' Society, was too strong for the consciences of certain of the gentlemen of Boston, so no device was clearly too low for their purpose of hindering utterance. When they found they could not stop the women's tongues by violence, they privily sprinkled cayenne pepper on the stove of their place of meeting, thus compelling them to cough down their own speakers.

A resident of Boston was expressing to an European traveller one day, in the year 1836, his regret that strangers should be present in the country when its usual quiet and sobriety were disturbed. "I am glad," observed the traveller, "to have been in the country in its martyr age."—"Martyr age! martyr age!" cried a clergyman, remarkable for the assiduity of his parochial visiting. "What *do* you mean? We don't burn people in Smithfield here."—"No," replied the stranger, "because 'Boston refinement' will not bear the roasting of the bodies of men and women: but you come as near to this pass as you dare. You rack their consciences and wring their souls."—"Our martyr age! our martyr age!" the clergyman went on muttering to himself, in all the excitement of a new idea.

The other great event of the year concerned the freedom of the press, and was as remarkable in its consequences as it was interesting in itself. Never was there a case of martyrdom more holy than that which we are about to relate. Never was there more complete evidence that a man in the prime of life, attached to the world by the tenderest ties, and of a calm, rational mind, was able long to sustain the apprehension of violent death, and to meet it at last, rather than yield up a principle which he knew to be true. He could not give up truth for safety and life—no, not even for wife and child.——Elijah P. Lovejoy was a native of Maine, a graduate of Waterville College. He settled at St. Louis, Missouri, and attained a high reputation as editor of a newspaper there. He became a clergyman, and at length an abolitionist. After the burning of McIntosh, at St. Louis, he spoke out in his newspaper about the atrocity of the deed, and exposed the iniquities of the district judge, and of the mob which overawed Marion College, and brought two of the students before a Lynch Court. For this his press and types were destroyed, and he established himself on the opposite side of the river,

in the free State of Illinois. But the town of Alton, in which he put up his press, was as dangerous to him as if it had stood in a slave State. It was the resort of slave-traders, and of river-traders, who believed their interests to depend on the preservation of slavery. For some time after his settlement at Alton, he did not think it necessary to enter into express discussion of the slavery question. At length he saw it to be his duty to do so: he called together the supporters of the paper, and laid his views before them. They consented to let his conscience have free course: he did his duty, and his press was again destroyed by a mob. Twice more was his property annihilated in the same manner, without the slightest alteration of conduct on his part. His paper continued to be the steady, dispassionate advocate of freedom, and reprover of violence. In October, 1837, he wrote to a friend in New York, to unburthen his full head and heart. After having described the fury and murderous spirit of his assailants, and the manner in which for weeks his footsteps had been tracked by assassins, he proceeded—

"And now, my dear brother, if you ask what are my own feelings at a time like this, I answer, perfectly calm, perfectly resigned. Though in the midst of danger, I have a constant sense of security that keeps me alike from fear and anxiety. I read the Bible, and especially the Psalms, with a delight, a refreshing of soul I never knew before. God has said, 'As thy day is, so shall thy strength be;' and he has made his promise good. Pray for me.———We have a few excellent brethren here, in Alton. They are sincerely desirous to know their duty at this crisis, and to do it: but as yet they cannot see that duty *requires* them to maintain their cause here, at all hazards. Of this be assured, the cause of truth still lives in Illinois, and will not want defenders. Whether our paper starts again will depend on our friends, East, West, North, and South. So far as depends on me, it shall go forward. By the blessing of God, I will not abandon the enterprise so long as I live, and until success has crowned it. And there are those in Illinois who join me in this resolution. And if I am to die, it cannot be in a better cause.

"Your's, till death or victory,

"E. P. Lovejoy."

Death and victory were now both at hand. Two or three weeks after this letter was written, he was called before a large meeting of the townsmen, on a singular affair. A committee of gentlemen was appointed to mediate between the Editor of the 'Alton Observer' and the mob. They drew up a set of "Compromise Resolutions," so called, which yielded every thing to the mob, and required of Lovejoy to leave the place. One member of the committee, Mr. Gilman, remonstrated: but he was overborne. Lovejoy was summoned, and required to leave the place. He listened till the chairman had said what he had to say, and then stepped forward to the bar. There, with grisly Murder peeping over his shoulder, he bore his last verbal testimony in the following unpremeditated address, reported by a person present:—

"I feel, Mr Chairman, that this is the most solemn moment of my life. I feel, I trust, in some measure, the responsibilities which at this hour I sustain to these my fellow-citizens, to the church of which I am a minister, to my country, and to God. And let me beg of you, before I proceed further, to construe

nothing I shall say as being disrespectful to this assembly; I have no such feeling; far from it. And if I do not act or speak according to their wishes at all times, it is because I cannot conscientiously do it. It is proper I should state the whole matter, as I understand it, before this audience. I do not stand here to argue the question as presented by the honourable gentleman,* the chairman of that committee, for whose character I entertain great respect, though I have not the pleasure of his personal acquaintance: my only wonder is how that gentleman could have brought himself to submit such a Report.

"Mr. Chairman, I do not admit that it is the business of this assembly to decide whether I shall or shall not publish a newspaper in this city. The gentlemen have, as the lawyers say, made a wrong issue. I have the *right* to do it. I know that I have the right to speak and publish my sentiments, subject only to the laws of the land for the abuse of that right. This right was given me by my Maker, and is solemnly guaranteed to me by the constitution of these United States, and of this State. What I wish to know of you is, whether you will protect me in the exercise of this right, or whether, as heretofore, I am to be subjected to personal indignity and outrage. These resolutions, and the measures proposed by them, are spoken of as a compromise; a compromise between two parties. Mr. Chairman, this is not so; there is but one party here. It is simply a question whether the law shall be enforced, or whether the mob shall be allowed, as they now do, to continue to trample it under their feet, by violating with impunity the rights of an innocent individual. Mr. Chairman, what have I to compromise? If freely to forgive those who have so greatly injured me; if to pray for their temporal and eternal happiness; if still to wish for the prosperity of your city and State, notwithstanding all the indignities I have suffered in it; if this be the compromise intended, then do I willingly make it. My rights have been shamefully and wickedly outraged; this I know and feel, and can never forget; but I can and do freely forgive those who have done it.

"But if by a compromise is meant, that I should cease doing that which duty requires of me, I cannot make it. And the reason is, that I fear God more than I fear man. Think not that I would lightly go contrary to public sentiment around me. The good opinion of my fellow-men is dear to me, and I would sacrifice any thing but principle to obtain their good wishes; but when they ask me to surrender this, they ask for more than I can—than I dare give. Reference is made to the fact, that I offered, a few days since, to yield up the editorship of the 'Observer' into other hands. This is true, I did so; because it was thought, or said by some, that perhaps the paper would be better patronised in other hands. They declined accepting my offer, however, and since then we have heard from the friends and supporters of the paper in all parts of the State. There was but one sentiment among them, and this was that the paper should be sustained in no other hands than mine. It is also a very different question, whether I shall voluntarily, or at the request of friends, yield up my post, or whether I shall forsake it at the demand of a mob. The former I am at all times ready to do, when circumstances seem to require it, as I will never put my personal wishes or interests in competition with the cause of that Master whose minister I am; but the latter, be assured, I NEVER WILL DO. God in his providence—so say all my brethren, and so I think—has devolved upon me the responsibility of maintaining my ground here; and Mr. Chairman, I am determined to do it. A voice comes to me from Maine, from Massachusetts, from Connecticut, from New York, from Pennsylvania; yea, from Kentucky, from Mississippi, from Missouri, calling upon me in the name of all that is dear to heaven and earth, to stand fast; and, by the help of God, I WILL STAND. I

* Hon. Cyrus Edwards, Senator from Madison County, and Whig Candidate for Governor.

know I am but one, and you are many. My strength would avail but little against you all; you can crush me if you will, but I shall die at my post, for I cannot and will not forsake it. Why should I flee from Alton? Is not this a free State? When assailed by a mob in St. Louis, I came here as to the home of freedom and of the laws. The mob have pursued me here, and why should I retreat again? Where can I be safe, if not here? Have I not a right to claim the protection of the laws? and what more can I have in any other place? Sir, the very act of retreating will embolden the mob to follow me wherever I go. No, sir, there is no way to escape the mob, but to abandon the path of duty; and that, God helping me, I never will do.

"It has been said here that my hand is against every man and every man's hand against me. The last part of the declaration is too painfully true. I do indeed find almost every hand lifted against *me*, but against whom in this place has my hand been raised? I appeal to every individual present: whom of you have I injured? whose character have I traduced? whose family have I molested? whose business have I meddled with? If any, let him rise here, and testify against me.—No one answers.

"And do not your resolutions say that you find nothing against my private or personal character? And does any one believe that if there was anything to be found, it would not be found and brought forth? If in anything I have offended against the law, am I so popular in this community as that it would be difficult to convict me? You have courts and judges and juries; they find nothing against me; and now, you have come together for the purpose of driving out a confessedly innocent man, for no cause but that he dares to think and speak as his conscience and his God dictate. Will conduct like this stand the scrutiny of your country, of posterity, above all, of the judgment day? For, remember, the Judge of that day is no respecter of persons.

"Pause, I beseech you, and reflect. The present excitement will soon be over; the voice of conscience will at last be heard; and in some season of honest thought, even in this world, as you review the scenes of this hour, you will be compelled to say, 'he was right—he was right.'

"But you have been exhorted to be lenient and compassionate, and in driving me away, to affix no unnecessary disgrace upon me. Sir, I reject all such compassion. You cannot disgrace me. Scandal, falsehood, and calumny have done their worst. My shoulders have borne the burden till it sits easy upon them. You may hang me up, as the mob hung up the individuals at Vicksburg; you may burn me at the stake, as they did M'Intosh at St. Louis; you may tar and feather me, or throw me into the Mississippi, as you have often threatened to do; but you cannot disgrace me. I, and I alone, can disgrace myself; and the deepest of all disgrace would be, at a time like this, to deny my Master by forsaking his cause.—He died for me, and I were most unworthy to bear his name, should I refuse, if need be, to die for him.

"Again, you have been told that I have a family who are dependent upon me, and this has been given as a reason why I should be driven off as gently as possible. It is true, Mr Chairman, I am a husband and a father: and this it is that adds the bitterest ingredient to the cup of sorrow I am called to drink. I am made to feel the wisdom of the Apostle's advice, 'It is better not to marry.' I know, sir, that in this contest, I stake not my life only, but that of others also. I do not expect my wife will ever recover from the shock received at the awful scenes through which she was called to pass at St. Charles. And how was it the other night on my return to my home? I found her driven into the garret through fear of the mob, who were prowling round my house. And scarcely had I entered the house ere my windows were broken by the brickbats of the mob, and she so alarmed as rendered it impossible for her to sleep or rest that night. I am hunted as a partridge on the mountain. I am pursued as a felon through your streets; to the guardian power of the law I look in vain for that protection against violence, which even the vilest criminal may enjoy. Yet think

not that I am unhappy.—Think not that I regret the choice that I have made; while all around me is violence and tumult, all is peace within. An approving conscience and the rewarding smile of God are a full recompense for all that I forego, and all that I endure. Yes, sir, I enjoy a peace which nothing can destroy. I sleep sweetly and undisturbed, except when awakened by the brickbats of the mob.

"No, sir, I am not unhappy; I have counted the cost, and stand prepared freely to offer up my all in the service of God. Yes, sir, I am fully aware of all the sacrifice I make, in here pledging myself to continue the contest until the last. (Forgive these tears. I had not intended to shed them, and they flow not for myself, but for others.)—But I am commanded to forsake father and mother, wife and children, for Jesus' sake; and as his professed disciple, I stand pledged to do it. The time for fulfilling this pledge in my case, it seems to me, has come. Sir, I dare not flee away from Alton; should I attempt it, I should feel that the angel of the Lord, with his flaming sword, was pursuing me wherever I went. It is because I fear God, that I am not afraid of all who oppose me in this city. No, sir, the contest has commenced here, and here it must be finished. Before God and you all, I here pledge myself to continue it, if need be, till death; and if I fall, my grave shall be made in Alton."

A few days after this he was murdered. His office was surrounded by an armed mob, and defended from within by a guard furnished by the Mayor of Alton. When the attack was supposed to be over, Lovejoy looked out to reconnoitre. He received five bullets in his body, was able to reach a room on the first floor, declared himself fatally wounded, and fell on his face dead. His age was thirty-two.

A letter from a Boston abolitionist to a friend bears on one page the following:—"E. P. Lovejoy, at Alton, is fairly suffering the persecution of St. Paul. Alton is anxious for the trade of Missouri and the lower Mississippi, and is willing to sacrifice a few abolitionists to conciliate its slave-holding customers. Lovejoy has been three times mobbed," &c., &c., &c.—"The Attorney-General of Illinois said, at a meeting of gentlemen 'of property and standing,' that the community ought not to resort to violence 'until it became absolutely necessary.' Thank heaven, it is now beginning to be Illinois *versus* Alton. The spirit is rising among the farmers, and Lovejoy will yet conquer the State." The next page begins,—"I have just heard of the murder of Lovejoy at Alton. He was shot by an armed mob. Now he will indeed conquer the State, and, I trust, the nation. I meant to have given you my budget of gossip; but my heart is very full, and I cannot write more now."

In a note to his tract on Slavery, Dr. Channing had said, a year before this, "One kidnapped, murdered abolitionist would do more for the violent destruction of slavery than a thousand societies. His name would be sainted. The day of his death would be set apart for solemn, heart-stirring commemoration. His blood would cry through the land with a thrilling voice, would pierce every dwelling, and find a response in every heart." These latter clauses have come true. The anniversary of Lovejoy's death will be a sacrament day to his comrades till slavery shall be no more: and as for the careless part of the community,—the multitudes who were too busy eating and drinking, planting, trading, or amusing themselves, to know the pangs that were rending the very heart

of their society,—those who considered abolitionism too "low" a subject for their ears, and the abolitionists too "odd" a set of people for their notice,—the shock of murder has roused even these from their apathy, and carried into their minds some notion that they are living in remarkable times, and that they have some extraordinary neighbours. We believe that no steps have been taken to punish the murderers; but such punishment was urged by the newspapers even in the slave States; and the cry of reprobation of the deed was vehement from all the more enlightened parts of the Union. Dr. Channing did his duty well. The rioters at Alton were heard encouraging one another by reference to old Boston. The time was at hand for them to learn that there was right as well as wrong in the time-honoured city.

It was proposed to hold a meeting in Boston, where there should be no distinction of sect or party, and no reference to any anti-slavery organization, to express the alarm and horror of the citizens at the view of the prostration of civil liberty, and at the murder of a Christian minister for daring to maintain his inalienable and constitutional rights. Application was made to the authorities for the use of Faneuil Hall for the occasion,—Dr. Channing's name being placed at the head of the requisition. The authorities were intimidated by a counter-petition, and refused the use of the Hall, on the ground of the request not being in accordance with public sentiment!

A spontaneous meeting of citizens was held to discuss the refusal of the authorities. The consequence was that the very same requisition was again tendered to the authorities, with such a mass of signatures to it that its prayer was granted with an obsequiousness as remarkable as the previous insult. Faneuil Hall was thrown open on the 8th of December, and crowded. The chair was taken by a respected citizen, who was allied with no party,—Mr. Jonathan Phillips. The resolutions were prepared by Dr. Channing. Neither he, nor the chairman, nor any one but the organized abolitionists (who have good reason to know their townsmen) was fully aware of the crisis to which this meeting brought the fate of the abolitionists throughout the community. It hung at last, for the space of three minutes, upon the lips of one very young speaker, who was heard only because of his rank. It came to the turn of a hair whether the atrocious mob-speech of the Attorney-General should be acted upon, or whether he should be overwhelmed with the reprobation of society; whether the abolitionists should have the alternative of being murdered at home, and being driven into the wilderness, or whether liberty of speech and the press should prevail. Happily, the eloquence of young Wendell Phillips secured the victory. Among other discoveries, the Attorney-General announced that Lovejoy died "as a fool dieth," and that his murderers were patriots of the same order as the Tea-Party of the Revolution. An extract from a private letter will best describe this critical meeting:

"You will have heard of Dr. Channing's recent exploit. The massacre of one of our beloved friends in the West for being an abolitionist, and acting up to his principles, induced Dr. C. to sign a call for a public-indignation meeting in Faneuil Hall. It was a noble sight,—that hall on that day. The morning

sunlight never streamed in over such a throng. By night it has been closer packed; but never, they tell me, by day. I went (for the Woman Question), with fifteen others. The indignation at us was great. People said it gave the meeting the air of an abolition gathering to have women there; it hung out false colours. Shame! when it was a free discussion meeting, and nothing more, that women should have 'given colour to the idea that it was for abolition purposes.' Good, is it not, that sixteen women can give a character to a meeting of twenty-five hundred men? O that you had been there! A hundred women or so in a drawing-room, gathered together by a new application of religious and democratic, viz. Christian principles, was all that Boston had to show you when you were here. But this Faneuil Hall gathering, to *protect* the minority in the application of their principles, was an imposing spectacle. The meeting began with prayer; no sound but that sublime one in stirring times—the sound of many feet on a public floor. You know Dr. Channing's voice is low, and Faneuil Hall is empty of seats. The crowd surged up closer round the platform; and ever as they made room the space behind filled in. The counting-houses disgorged for the occasion, and I think Dr. Channing must have seen his mistake as to the good state of heart of his neighbours and townsmen. One-third of the meeting, I think, were abolitionists and free discussionists (small proportion of the former); one-third of bitter opponents; and one-third swayed to and fro by every speaker. The name of Dr. Channing probably kept this floating third up to the pitch of an affirmative note on certain resolutions he had prepared. James T. Austin (Attorney-General) was there, and made a diabolical speech. It was loudly cheered. I gave up all hopes of a favourable termination of the meeting then. He tried to raise a storm of indignation, but failed, baffled by the effort of a very dear young friend and connexion of ours, who, from being of a good family (Republicanism!) was enabled to get a hearing, though an abolitionist, and an agent of the abolition society. Wm. Sturgis and George Bond, when he was almost overpowered by the clamour, threw in their weight on the right side, and free discussion *of the subject of free discussion* prevailed. So much for the local aspect of the cause at present. Stout men—my husband for one—came home that day, and 'lifted up their voices and wept.' Dr. Channing did not know how dangerous an experiment (as people count danger) he adventured. *We* knew that we must send the children out of the town, and sleep in our day-garments that night, unless free discussion prevailed. Lovejoy stood upon the defensive, as the Bill of Rights and New England Divinity bear him out in having done. His death lies, in a double sense, at the door of the church; for she trained him to self-defence, and then attacked him. This new aspect of the cause, orthodox church opposition to it as a heresy, has presented itself since you were here, and a most perilous crisis it has been. I think the ship has righted; but she was on her beam-ends so long, that I thought all was over for 'this 200 years,' as Dr. Beecher says. I have just sent off 55,000 women's signatures for the abolition in the District,*—a weary labour. My brain turns with the counting and indorsing. I wrote well on them for the honour of Massachusetts, which is the reason I write so badly to you now. I am thoroughly tired. God be with you evermore!"

The second General Convention of Women was held, as appointed, at Philadelphia, in the spring of 1838. Once, again, has the intrepidity of these noble Christian women been put to the proof; the outrages in this "city of brotherly love" having been the most fearful to which they have yet been exposed. The cause of the extraordinary

* Columbia.

violences of this year is to be found in the old maxim that men hate those whom they have injured. The State Convention, which had been employed for many previous months in preparing a new constitution for Pennsylvania, had deprived the citizens of colour of the political rights which they had held (but rarely dared to exercise) under the old constitution. Having done this injury, the perpetrators, and those who assented to their act, were naturally on the watch against those whom they had oppressed, and were jealous of every movement. When the abolitionists began to gather to their Convention, when the liberal part of the Quaker population came abroad, and were seen greeting their fellow-emancipators in the city of Penn—when the doors of the fine new building, Pennsylvania Hall, were thrown open, and the people of colour were seen flocking thither, with hope in their faces, and with heads erect, in spite of the tyranny of the new laws, the hatred of their oppressors grew too violent for restraint. It was impossible to find reasonable and true causes of complaint against any of the parties concerned in the Convention, and falsehoods were therefore framed and circulated. Even these falsehoods were of a nature which makes it difficult for people on this side of the Atlantic to understand how they should be used as a pretext for such an excess of violence as succeeded. The charge against the abolitionists was, that they ostentatiously walked the streets arm-in-arm with people of colour. They did not do this, because the act was not necessary to the assertion of any principle, and would have been offensive; but if they had, it might have been asked what excuse this was for firing Pennsylvania Hall?

The delegates met and transacted their business, as in the preceding year, but this time with a yelling mob around the doors. The mild voice of Angelina Weld was heard above the hoarse roar; but it is said that the transient appearance of Maria Chapman was the most striking circumstance of the day. She was ill, and the heat of the weather was tremendous; but, scarcely able to sustain herself under an access of fever, she felt it her duty to appear on the platform, showing once more that where shame and peril are, there is she. Commenting upon the circumstances of the moment, the strain of her exhortation accorded well with the angelic beauty of her countenance, and with the melting tones of her voice, and with the summary of duty which she had elsewhere presented: "Our principles teach us how to avoid that spurious charity which would efface moral distinctions, and that our duty to the sinner is, not to palliate, but to pardon; not to excuse, but to forgive, freely, fully, as we hope to be forgiven." To these principles she has ever been faithful, whether she gathers her children about her knees at home, or bends over the pillow of a dying friend, or stands erect amidst the insults and outrages of a mob, to strengthen the souls of her fellow-sufferers. Her strain is ever the same—no compromise, but unbounded forgiveness.

If the authorities had done their duty, no worse mischief than threat and insult would have happened; but nothing effectual was done in answer to a demonstration on the part of the mob, repeated for three or four nights; so at last they broke into Pennsylvania Hall, heaped together the furniture and books in the middle of the floor, and burned them

and the building together. The circumstance which most clearly indicates the source of the rage of the mob was their setting fire to the Orphan Asylum for coloured children; a charity wholly unconnected with abolitionism, and in no respect, but the complexion of its inmates, on a different footing from any other charitable institution in the Quaker city. The Recorder interposed vigorously; and, after the burning of the Hall, the city firemen undertook the protection of all the buildings in the place, public and private. The morning after the fire, the abolitionists were asked what they intended to do next. Their answer was clear and ready. They had already raised funds, and engaged workmen to restore their Hall, and had issued their notices of the meeting of the third General Convention in the spring of 1839. They have since applied for damages, which we believe the city agreed, without demur, to pay. It is astonishing that the absurdity of persecuting such people as these has not long been apparent to all eyes. Their foes might as well wage a pop-gun war against the constellations of the sky.

The abolitionists, as a body, are now fairly recognized by the South. Mr. Birney has been applied to by Mr. Elmore, a southern member of Congress, under the sanction of Mr. Calhoun himself, for a fulfilment of his offer to lay open all the affairs of the anti-slavery body. The affairs of the abolitionists have from the beginning been open to all the world; the evil has been, that the world would not attend to them. Now, however, "the South desires to learn the depth, height, and breadth of the storm which impends over her." She has learned what she wants, for Mr. Birney has forwarded exceedingly full replies to the fourteen queries proposed by the southern representatives and senators. This may be regarded as an extremely fortunate event. It is a most cheering testimony to the progress of the cause; and it affords some hope that the South will take warning in time, and present an honourable exception to the conduct and catastrophe of a struggle for and relinquishment of irresponsible power. The hope is faint; for instances are rare, if not unknown, of privileged bodies surrendering their total privileges on a merely moral summons. But again, instances are rare, if not unknown, of a privileged class appealing to a magnanimous foe for an exposure of his forces, his designs, and his expectations. Whatever irritability may display itself in the conduct of the appeal, the fact is highly honourable to both parties. To our minds, it is one of the most striking circumstances of this majestic story. Mr. Birney's reply is far too long to be given here, even in the briefest abstract. It is extremely interesting, from the honourable accuracy and candour of its statements, and its abstinence from all manifestation of the triumph which its facts might well justify. These important papers go by the name of the 'Elmore Correspondence.'

The most melancholy feature of the struggle—more so than even the conduct of the clergy (which has been far more extraordinary than we have had space to relate)—is the degeneracy of Congress. The right of petition has been virtually annihilated for these three years past; and the nation has been left unrepresented on the most important question which has been occupying the nation's mind. The people hold their remedy

in the ballot-box. The elections are now going forward ; and we doubt not the electors will take care that such a suspension of their rights does not happen again. We understand, indeed, that the usual federal and democratic questions are in many cases laid aside at the present elections for the all-important one of the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and the prohibition of the inter-state slave-trade.

During the last year, several Halls of State Legislatures have been granted to the abolitionists for their meetings, while the churches have remained closed against them. The aspect of these assemblages has been very remarkable, from the union of religious and political action witnessed there. But the most extraordinary spectacle of all—a spectacle perhaps unrivalled in the history of the world—was the address of Angelina Weld before a Committee of the Legislature of Massachusetts. Some have likened it to the appeal of Hortensia to the Roman Senate; but others have truly observed that the address of Angelina Weld was far the nobler of the two, as she complained not as the voice of a party remonstrating against injuries done to itself, but as the advocate of a class too degraded and helpless to move or speak on its own behalf. The gentle dignity of the speaker's manner, and the power of statement and argument shown in her address, together with the righteousness of her cause, won the sympathies of as large an audience as the State House would contain, and bore down all ridicule, prejudice, and passion. Two emotions divided the vast assemblage of hearers;—sympathy in her cause, and veneration for herself. The only fear now entertained by the abolitionists with regard to the cause in the leading State of Massachusetts, is lest it should become too flourishing, and lose something of its rectitude in its prosperity.

The history of this struggle seems to yield a few inferences which must, we think, be evident to all impartial minds; and which are as important as they are clear. One is, that this is a struggle which cannot subside till the right has prevailed. If this be true, the consequence of yielding to it would be the saving of a world of guilt and woe. Another is, that other sorts of freedom, besides emancipation from slavery, will come in with it; that the aristocratic spirit, in all its manifestations, is being purged out of the community; that with every black slave a white will be also freed. Another is, that republicanism is in no degree answerable for the want of freedom and of peace under which the American nation is now suffering; that, on the contrary, the turbulence and tyranny are the immediate and visible offspring of the old world, feudal, European spirit which still lives in the institution assailed, and in the bosoms of the aristocracy of the country, while the bulwarks of the Constitution, the true republicans, are the "peacemen," the sufferers, the moral soldiers, who have gone out armed only with faith, hope, and charity. Another is, that the coloured people have a promising *morale* on which to ground their civilization. Their whole conduct affords evidences of generosity, patience, and hopefulness, from which fine results of character may be anticipated whenever this unfortunate race shall have leave to exert its unfettered energies under circumstances of average fairness.

It is a wide world that we live in, as wonderful in the diversity of its moral as of its natural features. A just survey of the whole can leave little doubt that the abolitionists of the United States are the greatest people now living and moving in it. There is beauty in the devotedness of the domestic life of every land: there is beauty in the liberality of the philosophers of the earth, in the laboriousness of statesmen, in the beneficence of the wealthy, in the faith and charity of the poor. All these graces flourish among this martyr company, and others with them, which it is melting to the very soul to contemplate. To appreciate them fully one must be among them. One must hear their diversity of tongue,—from the quaint Scripture phraseology of the Pilgrims to the classical language of the scholar—to estimate their liberality. One must witness the eagerness with which each strives to bring down the storm upon his own head to save his neighbour, and to direct any transient sunshine into his friend's house rather than his own, to understand their generosity. One must see the manly father weeping over his son's blighted prospects, and the son vindicating his mother's insulted name, to appreciate their disinterestedness. One must experience something of the soul-sickness and misgiving caused by popular hatred, and of the awful pangs of an apprehended violent death, to enter fully into their heroism. Those who are living in peace afar off can form but a faint conception of what it is to have no respite, no prospect of rest, of security, of success, within any calculable time. The grave, whether it yawns beneath their feet, or lies on the far horizon, is, as they well know, their only resting-place: adversity is all around them, like the whirlwind of the desert. But, if all this can be scarcely conceived of at a distance, neither can their bright faces be seen there. Nowhere but among such can an array of countenances be beheld so little lower than the angels'. Ordinary social life is spoiled to them; but another which is far better has grown up among them. They had more life than others to begin with, as the very fact of their enterprise shows: and to them that have much shall more be given. They are living fast and loftily. The weakest of them who drops into the grave worn out, and the youngest that lies murdered on his native republican soil, has enjoyed a richer harvest of time, a larger gift out of eternity, than the octogenarian self-seeker, however he may have attained his ends. These things, as branches of general truths, may be understood at the distance of half the globe. Let us not, therefore, wait, as it has been the world's custom to wait, for another century to greet the confessors and martyrs who stretch out their strong arms to bring down Heaven upon our earth; but even now, before they have stripped off care and sorrow with their mortal frame,—even now, while sympathy may cheer and thanks may animate, let us make our reverent congratulations heard over the ocean which divides us from the spiritual potentates of our age.

H. M.

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